HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.
WITH THE DICKENS SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. XIV.—No. 718.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

"THE PROMISED LAND," AS SEEN FROM THE DOME OF SAINT PETER'S, ROME.—[SEE PAGE 626.]

TWO DAYS.

All up, with the birds and the bees,
My love rose yesterday;
And she sang with the thrush in the maple-trees,
And she rivaled their songs alway.
And robin muttered, and bobolink sputtered,
And said that her notes were false;
But she sang them again, such a gushing strain
That the thrushes began to waltz.

The glint of the morning sun
Lay bright on my love's brown hair;
And the flowers in the garden, every one,
Seemed suddenly grown less fair;
For her rare face's splendor, half wild, half tender,
Eclipsed them, roses and all.
"Oh, fair sweet bud!" I cried, as she stood
By the rose-tree under the wall.

All still, like a nested bird,
My fair love lies to-night;
And the mellow notes that the robin heard
Are locked in her lips' snow white.
In the early gloaming they'll wait her coming,
And list for her song in vain;
And the thrush's throat will swell with a note
That is echoed not back again.

The setting sun's red ray
Falls bright on the locks of brown;
And the flowers in the garden seem to-day
To be drooping down and down;
Like pale dead faces they hang in their places,
Lilies, and roses, and all;
And all over the ground the leaves lie around,
From the rose-tree under the wall.

THE PROMISED LAND.

Mr. Nast and the New York *Herald* seem to have hit upon the same idea with regard to the future residence of the Pope. In its issue of September 16 that paper says: "We could wish to see the Holy Father in New York. It has always been our conviction that the New World is his proper sphere. If the Old World is sick of him, as it seems to be, why should he not come to the New World, which allows its heart to go out to him with filial affection?" We may be permitted to express a little doubt as to the extent of the "filial affection" so touchingly alluded to by the *Herald;* but the similarity between the newspaper paragraph and Mr. Nast's spirited sketch on our first page this week is curious.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 1, 1870.

With the present Number of the Weekly we lay before our readers a Supplement, containing the Sixth and Last Monthly installment of

The Mystery of Edwin Drood.

THE CANDIDATES IN NEW YORK.

Nothing more plainly shows the inability of the Democratic organs to find serious fault with the administration of General Grant than their incessant carping at his traveling, and living by the sea in summer, and their constant criticism of unimportant details of personal conduct. Those papers pay a similar tribute to the Republican candidate for Governor of New York. He has been Lieutenant-Governor, and he has served in the army. But, unable to find any thing discreditable in his public career, the journals of which we speak resort to personal ridicule. It is the old habit of the party. It has always relied upon the appeal to prejudice and ignorance and passion, because it did not dare to confront the actual questions of the hour. For a generation the Democratic party maintained its ascendency by feeding the hatred of the negro. Its conclusive argument against prohibiting slavery in the Territories was the question, "Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger?" And the spirit and scope and character of that argument it carries into every political discussion.

Are the principles of the Republican party any less sound, or its policy any less expedient, because General Woodford is a gentleman? Is a cause less respectable because its advocate is courteous? Under a free system of popular government, which is maintained and conducted by a direct and constant appeal to public opinion, is it any disadvantage to a public man that he is an admirable orator? To the Democratic judgment courtesy and eloquence may be ridiculous in a Republican candidate; but it seems that good-breeding and facility of speech are no objections in a Democratic Governor, or Mr. Hoffman would not now fill that office. Thus far the campaign of the Democrats in the State of New York has been nothing but a volley of personal abuse of the Republican candidate. But we are very sure that sensible Democrats will suspect that if nothing is said against a candidate but that he is polite and of agreeable speech, it is because no serious charge can be brought against him, and that he must be a very safe man to put at the head of the State.

If, indeed, it could be truly said of General Woodford that, notwithstanding attractive personal qualities, he had once been in a position of the highest public trust, in which he had betrayed the most sacred private rights, then, indeed, there would be a charge which must be satisfactorily explained, or he would be opposed by all honorable men. And that is precisely the position of Governor Hoffman. The representative of the rights of all the people, and, vested with the veto power for their protection, he has not hesitated to deprive honest men and women of the control of their own earnings invested in the Erie Railway, a control guaranteed to them by the terms of the charter. It is one of the worst political crimes ever committed. If the deportment of the man who condescended to such an outrage were as fine as Lord Chesterfield hoped to make his son's, it could not save him from the censure and the contempt of all honest citizens. Yet the journals that support Mr. Hoffman for Governor of New York complain that General Woodford is polite! They really seem to suppose that a few sneering epithets hurled at the Republican candidate will hide the notorious and alarming acts of the Democratic Governor, and the proved enormous corruption of his masters, the Tammany managers.

General Woodford is a gentleman of unimpeached and unimpeachable private and official character. Governor Hoffman is the signer of the Erie bill, the officer who made it a law, and, overriding the charter itself, made Mr. Tweed and his friends—the "inventors" of Governor Hoffman—directors for four years, and entirely beyond the control of the stockholders. The Democratic journals would be more usefully employed in explaining to the voters of New York this conduct of their candidate, rather than in decrying the deportment of General Woodford. To vociferate that General Woodford is "little," while the not large Mr. Hoffman stands morally convicted before the State of depriving honest people of the control of their own property, is plainly, as certain Democratic statesmen would professionally say, "to throw up the sponge."

THE CHANCES OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

The immediate pressure of a state of war in France has prevented much thought of the probable chances of the republic. In its formation it was as much a *coup d'état* as the imperial usurpation, but, unlike that, it was bloodless, and an evident necessity of the situation. Since it has been established it is the only organization of authority in the country, and the instinct of a civilized community has perceived that it must, for the present at least, be supported. It was the same instinct that led the Prince De Joinville to urge every body in France to recognize the Palikao Ministry while it lasted, and to offer his sword to the republic. In considering the chances of its permanence, the fact which we suggested the other day must not be forgotten, that a great deal of what is called the fickleness of the French is due to the constant baffling and betrayal of the nation by those who obtain power. This, indeed, is both cause and effect. If, as Beranger says, there is nobody for *Vice*-President, it is because the nation has not yet been allowed a fair chance of political education and development.

Of course the first obvious condition of the political situation in France is that the force of the old parties is much exhausted. The Legitimists, who had Berryer and Montalembert in 1848, have no conspicuous leader. The Bonapartists, who were united by a profound sentiment of romantic pride in 1848, have no other cohesion than that of possible public plunder. The Orleanists, who had little but a following of interested classes in 1848, have become disorganized and dispersed. They have, indeed, a certain support among many of the best Frenchmen, and the representatives of the family are honorable and able princes. But the glamour of royalty is utterly gone in France; and it would not be easy to show that a perpetual President would not satisfy all the requirements of a strong executive, while a King would be an object of endless suspicion. A repetition of the folly of electing a member of any of the French royal houses President is not likely if the republic continues; and, from the party point of view solely, it seems not improbable that a republic may be generally considered, upon the whole, if not in itself desirable, yet the best guarantee of domestic order.

The second consideration is the attitude of foreign powers. None of them, of course, are friendly to a republic; but if ever a republic in France would be tolerated it would probably be now, when the doctrine of the right of every nation to settle such questions for itself is very generally acknowledged — when the republic arises upon the ruins not of a royal house, but of the usurpation of what royalty considers a *parvenu*—when the great national prestige of France has been broken and its military power virtually destroyed. Assuming that Germany is magnanimous in the settlement of the war, a French republic will not be more disagreeable nor menacing than Louis Napoleon's French empire has been. Indeed, it is not impossible that a certain feeling of gratitude may hereafter arise in the French heart should republican liberty and German magnanimity be recalled as simultaneous with the fall of Napoleon. Meanwhile the troubles of the new republic, beginning under circumstances so trying, will serve to point the moral of the German argument for royalty, while the revelations of Louis Napoleon's intrigues against the peace of Europe will quicken the perception that the republic is not likely to be a conspirator. We doubt, therefore, if republican France will be considered to be a worse European neighbor than imperial France has been.

The third consideration of the chances of a permanent republic is of another kind. It is the character, the habits, the political intelligence of the people. It will not be forgotten that some of the most accomplished and eminent liberals in France voted for the empire at the last *Plebiscite*. They did so in the choice of an alternative. They felt that the question was imperial order, or anarchy and its chances, and they voted for order. Our readers will remember that, just after the French election of last May, we spoke of a letter of Laboulaye, to a friend in New York, explaining his position and his vote for the empire. Laboulaye declared—and he is a man familiar with French politics, and thoroughly versed in political history and philosophy—that the French Republicans, as a body, had no conception either of the philosophy or the conditions of a republic. Their theory, he said, was government by a single chamber. They had no conception of the rights of a minority, nor any respect for them; and when he told them that the object of a free constitution is to secure the liberty of the people, and to impose upon the legislature limits which it can not pass, he said that they looked at him in amazement, and could not comprehend him.

It will be confessed by every student of French politics that the Republicans in that country have been always unable to perceive that the despotism of a majority is as hateful and unjust as that of a single man. French republic has been very apt to mean Parisian mob. If this conviction of Laboulaye's is sound, it is evident that the chief difficulty of the republic will be found among the Republicans. But this is the very hour when men like Laboulaye and Gasparin should bring their intelligence and thought to bear upon public opinion, and so upon the government of their country. The great principles of a republican system must be every where the same. The object of a constitution is to defend the people against their own ignorance and passion and folly. If "the people" were worthy of the worship which demagogues offer, government would be unnecessary. Nothing shows the fitness of a nation for self-government so distinctly as its will and capacity to restrain itself in its fundamental law. It is that which France will prove in the Constituent Assembly, and that alone can determine the question of the permanence of the French republic.

HONEST ELECTIONS.

The Soldiers' Convention, which met at Saratoga the day before the Republican Convention, and of which General Woodford was president, passed some very stringent resolutions, one of which recognized the honesty of elections as the chief issue in the pending political campaign in this State. The Republican Convention also expressed itself in the strongest terms upon the same point. Indeed the conviction is universal not only that Mr. Hoffman was elected by a fraudulent vote and by a false count, but that an honest election would reveal a very decided Republican majority in the State. The Democratic journals affect to sneer at the assertion that there is fraud at the polls in New York. They insist that it is only a Republican pretense to justify interference. Indeed, while it is notorious that the greatest peril to our government is not foreign hostility but domestic corruption, nowhere so fatal as at the polls, the Democratic party is steadily arrayed against every effort to guard the ballot-box. It opposes an adequate registry and competent naturalization laws as it jeers at the Congressional provision to secure an honest election.

From the fury with which a law has been attacked, whose sole and obvious purpose is the protection of every honest voter, it might be imagined that some blow had been aimed at the liberties of the people. But the cry of hostility proceeded from the tools of the Ring which seeks by fraud to destroy the popular liberties. If any body in the country doubts that there is the most enormous and unblushing dishonesty at the polls in New York, he has only to recall the testimony of the New York *World*, a Democratic paper in this city. About a year ago, on the 5th of September, 1869, that paper said:

> "The editor of the *World* saw by what shameless and cunning frauds such corruptionists of the Ring as William M. Tweed and Oakey Hall cut down below its level the rightful vote of the electors of Horatio Seymour."

Mr. Tweed, as our distant readers may not know, is the Dictator of Tammany Hall; and he, with Mr. Sweeny and Mr. Oakey Hall, the Mayor of New York, compose the Democratic triumvirate who absolutely control the party in this State.

These gentlemen, it thus appears, are accused by their own party associate of cheating at elections. It is not a general Republican charge; it is a distinct personal declaration of a Democratic editor that he himself knew the frauds. To reject the testimony is to discredit every assertion made by the paper. Republican investigation has indeed already established the fact, but it is confirmed by this Democratic confession. The *World* pushed the war. It resolved, as it valiantly said, and to the great amusement of all who knew how powerless it had been proved to be in its party, to break the Ring and relieve the party of the odium of dishonest management and of fraudulent elections. The contest was joined in the Legislature with Mr. Tweed, whom the paper had denounced as a shameless corruptionist. Mr. Tweed's victory was as thorough and final as that of the Germans at Sedan. The Dictator of Tammany put the *World* in his pocket, and there it has remained quietly ever since. Except, indeed, when Congress passed a law to protect honest voters against such shameless frauds as the *World* declared Mr. Tweed practiced in New York.

Upon that occasion the *World* put its head out of the pocket of the gentleman whom it had described as a shameless corruptionist, and exclaimed, on the 21st of May, 1870:

> "What does this howl about the necessity of Congress reconstructing the ballot-boxes of this city mean? Is it seriously meant that these fellows [the Congress of the United States] do not mean to lose their hold on the throats of the people, and, when this State signifies to them their coming expulsion, intend to reconstruct her *à la* South Carolina, in order to remain in power?....The baffled and stung trooly loil must have a care how they talk of putting the bayonet to New York. It may be, and we hope it is, but the mere crazy raving of defeat that possesses the saints; but if a deeper purpose is entertained it would be pleasant to put that issue to the test. The people of these United States have endured too much from Radicalism to now submit to be told that they shall not change the administration of this country from the hands that dishonor it into a better and purer, if less pretentious, possession."

The *World* having thus emerged to eat humble pie in public, and to assert in May that the hands were good and pure which it had described in September as shamelessly corrupt, those hands closed over it again.

The honesty of elections is to be vindicated in this State against managers whom their own associates denounce as shamelessly corrupt; the same managers who, having contemptuously covered the *World* with inextinguishable ridicule, have aroused the deep indignation and distrust of all thoughtful men of every party by compelling their Governor to sign the Erie bill, of which we speak elsewhere. If the people of New York, whatever their party sympathies, wish to protect from pollution the very springs of free popular government, they will gravely consider whether they are likely to do it by intrusting that government to men whom their own partisans denounce as shameless corruptionists, and whose supremacy in their party is proved by the fact that they compel their opponents in the ranks to praise them with ludicrous fervor, and control the most important acts of the nominal head of the State government.

THE PEOPLE.

It was reported a few days since from Paris that the people had attacked the office of the *Marseillaise*, the paper which Henri Rochefort formerly edited, and had done a great deal of mischief. But it was not the people who attacked the office—it was a mob; and the use of the word shows the confusion which exists in many minds in regard to popular action. The first proclamation of the new Government in Paris, signed by Leon Gambetta as Minister of the Interior, states that the new order has been "ratified by popular acclamation." So was the burning of the orphan asylum by the Democratic mob in New York in 1863. The riots of that time were called a movement of "the people." But to call a mob the people is the gravest insult in a republic. To yield to its menace and call it submission to the popular will is to overthrow the foundations of civil order. We have elsewhere considered the chances of the republic in France. But it is not yet evident that it is really the choice of the French people. It was proclaimed in many of the chief cities, as it was in Paris, by the "popular acclamation" of a multitude, which it was not wise to resist, even had there been any wish of resistance.

Hence, too, the folly of urging an immediate recognition of the republic by our own Government or by other powers. The President very wisely instructed Mr. Washburne to acknowledge the Government *de facto*. That was of course. Our own interests require that those who represent authority and order shall be acknowledged. It was for that reason that we recognized Louis Napoleon. But it was not our duty in any other way to acknowledge a government which we did not know and could not know was founded in the popular consent. Some of the French journals, perhaps even M. Jules Favre, expected some kind of active intervention in favor of the republic. But if Mr. Washburne had asked for the evidence that a republic existed, he could have been shown nothing but a vote of a minority of the Chambers and the acquiescence of the cities, an acquiescence which we might very justly infer was based upon the necessities of the situation, and which regarded the new Government merely as a Committee of National Defense.

Of course we are not asserting that the re-

public will not be sustained, but only that the people of France have not yet established it, and that therefore it was thoughtless in any responsible Frenchman or American to suppose that we could do more than we have done. As we have stated in another place, the chances of the permanence of a republic in France seem more promising than ever before. But the Constituent Assembly may decide otherwise. It may not ratify the authority which summons it, and may consider that a constitutional monarchy is a better security of order than a republic. The present government is that of a few men who declare the old system overthrown, and who control affairs until some new system is adopted. And the perplexity of the situation as we write is, that no settlement with the present authorities could be considered final. It must be ratified by the nation, to which they also look to justify their own existence.

THE MORAL IN MISSOURI.

The action of the Republicans in Missouri, like the vote in the House of Representatives upon the President's proposition to buy and register foreign ships during the war, is significant of the rapidity with which new issues are now commanding public attention. The Republican Convention in Missouri divided. One part renominated Governor M'Clurg; the other nominated Mr. B. Gratz Brown, ex-Senator of the United States. The platforms of both parties are excellent. They both denounce repudiation; encourage the removal of political disabilities; demand a reduction of taxation as rapid as is honorably practicable; oppose any system of taxation which fosters one industry or interest at the expense of others; and protest against any sectarian abuse of the school fund. Upon these great points both conventions agreed. Beside these, the Brown party very wisely and firmly demand a thorough reform of the civil service system, which we do not believe would be distasteful to the other. The question, therefore, becomes very interesting, why there was any division?

The difference is in the known views of the candidates. Governor M'Clurg, who, according to the *Tribune*, is an open and defiant protectionist, accepts the nomination of a convention which declares itself opposed "to any system of taxation which will tend to the creation of monopolies, and benefit one industry or interest at the expense of another." The revenue reformers apparently refused to support a man whom they knew to be opposed to their principles. This shows that they hold those principles to be more precious than the cohesion of the party upon the other issues. They will take the risk of party defeat rather than secure success with a candidate who is unsound upon revenue reform.

Now it seems to us the duty of wise politicians to reflect upon the fact, not to rage at it. It is not enough to deride one party to the difference as disorganizers. That party deliberately says that it regards the revenue reform question as of vital importance. It may be mistaken, but it is merely childish to deny its honesty. Now what is true in Missouri was true in the House of Representatives, and is, of course, true elsewhere in the country. It is, therefore, essential that the Republicans every where should give the subject the most serious attention, in order that the Republican revenue policy may be plain and unanimous at the next session of Congress. Let us have no repetition of the sorry spectacle of a Republican President making an important suggestion to a Republican Congress, upon which the Republican majority divides, and defeats the executive. Such a spectacle is deplorable, not because every suggestion of the President ought to be adopted by Congress, but because the difference of the President and his supporters in Congress upon certain fundamental questions tends to show that the party has no common principle upon such questions; and a party wanting such community of doctrine upon such essential points can not hope to retain general sympathy and support.

Let us take to heart the moral which the position of the party in Missouri suggests, and not think that we have done our duty when we have angrily asserted that the revenue reformers are traitors, plotting for the success of the common enemy.

THE SIMMONS COLLEGE.

Whatever differences of opinion there may be of what are called Women's Rights, there is one right of women which the most crabbed conservative will not deny, and that is the right to make an honest living if they can. It has certainly never been satisfactorily demonstrated why thousands of widows with families dependent upon them, and thousands of unmarried women, should be straitened and starving because it is the natural expectation of women to be married and supported by their husbands. It may also be very unwomanly for any woman to feel that, as a member of society, having the same kind and degree of interest in the common welfare with every one else, she ought to have a voice in its general direction; but why it should be unwomanly to wish to be useful in the world, and to support herself honorably, is not easy to see. Evidently the late Mr. John Simmons, of Boston, could not see it. A quiet, industrious, thrifty, thoughtful man, he saw that what thousands of women want is a chance of helping themselves. Give them that, and the melancholy and suffering and despair of innumerable aimless lives will disappear. And so Mr. Simmons provided in his will that they should have that chance.

He has left one million and four hundred thousand dollars to establish the Simmons Female College, in which women may study medicine, music, drawing, designing, telegraphy, and other branches of art to enable them to earn an honorable livelihood. Young women who think that the acquisition of useful knowledge is unwomanly will smile at the Simmons College. Young gentlemen who think it unlady-like for a lady to support herself will sigh at so vulgar a perversion of money. And the worthy persons who are exceedingly troubled lest women should "desert their sphere," and "descend from their pedestal," will groan at this radically "unsexing" proposition as tending to the disturbance of the natural order of the universe.

But while all these excellent people groan, we trust that intelligent young women, however delicately nurtured, however daintily accomplished, however gracefully idle they may be, will remember that the richest husband may fail, and the most devoted die, that they themselves are subject to every chance of life, and that the happiness of very many more than themselves may depend upon their ability to be independent of others. "I should be rich if I hadn't a cent in the world," said a distinguished man, "for I am a practical baker." But he has not worn the baker's apron for thirty years. Many women may never be obliged to use their practical skill of any kind for their support, but they are none the poorer in womanliness nor in the honor and respect of men for having it. Long life and countless students to the Simmons College for Women!

"THE BURNING OF DARIEN, GEORGIA."

We publish with great pleasure the following letter, and remind our readers that subscriptions may be sent either to the senior warden, to the Rev. Robert F. Clute, rector, or to the Rt. Rev. John W. Beckwith, Bishop of Georgia.

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

"Sir,—Through several copies sent to me my attention has been called to an editorial in your issue of September 3, 1870, with the above caption. You publish parts of Colonel Robert G. Shaw's letters, written shortly after the event, to prove that he was not responsible for the burning of Darien. You not only make out a clear case of the Colonel's blamelessness, but also of his abhorrence of the act, which now seems, by these extracts, to be fixed upon General Hunter and Colonel Montgomery.

"Be this as it may, as one of the authors of the appeal for aid for St. Andrew's Church, addressed 'to the members of the Episcopal Church, and all other friends of religion and education in the United States,' which has called forth the above-named editorial, I desire to state in your columns that the object of the circular was simply to set forth, in as concise a manner as possible, the sad historical fact of the destruction of the town, including church and academy, and the other grounds upon which assistance was asked. It was not intended to reflect, even by implication, upon the memory of any one, as you will readily observe by reference to the inclosed copy. Yet I have been informed that such a construction had been placed upon the circular, to the injury of the cause it was intended to advance.

"The impression prevailed in this community that Colonel Shaw commanded the troops by whom Darien was plundered and destroyed. Before issuing the circular I asked one of the few citizens who remained in the vicinity at the time—a gentleman of intelligence—if he could give me any information on this point. In answer to my request he handed me a card which he had taken from an old mill, left standing, upon his going into Darien a few hours after the Federal gunboats had retired. That card is before me. I extract from it the following: 'June 11, 1863. Stuart W. Woods, Company I, Fifty-fourth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, in command of Colonel Shaw, Captain G. Pope, First-Lieutenant Higginson Second-Lieutenant Tucker.' When it is remembered that there were no other Federal sources of information at hand it will be readily understood why the above was accepted as satisfactory evidence.

"But the members of St. Andrew's parish are truly glad that the memory of Colonel Shaw—who certainly proved to the world at Wagner that he was a gallant soldier, even as these published fragments of his letters evince him to have been a Christian gentleman—has been exculpated from the disgrace of burning a defenseless town, 'which contained only old men, women, and children,' who were then, while they still stood around the smouldering ruins of their homes, 'finally shelled from the river.' His opinion of the transaction is expressed in his own language, as published by you: 'I think now, as I did at the time of the burning of Darien, that such destruction is cruel, barbarous, impolitic, and degrading to ourselves and our men, and I shall always rejoice that I expressed myself as I did.' Will not Northern friends, taking the simple appeal of the members of the parish in connection with this expression of opinion, deem the rebuilding of St. Andrew's Church a fit subject for their generosity, and *act* upon the feeling?

"Respectfully yours,

"W. Robert Giguilliat, *Senior Warden.*

"Darien, *September 9*, 1870."

NOTES.

The conservatism of power was never more strikingly illustrated than in a late act of Henri Rochefort's. His paper, the *Marseillaise*, has waged the most relentless warfare upon the empire; and after the murder of his friend and associate by Pierre Bonaparte, last spring, it seemed as if Rochefort might become the chief figure of a revolution. Elected to the Chambers, his paper was still unsparing, and he was finally arrested and condemned. When the war began he was imprisoned in Paris. When the reverses occurred he was removed to Vincennes. When the republic was declared he was brought back to Paris, and made one of the Provisional Government. A day or two afterward the *Marseillaise* published an article denouncing the new Government. On the following morning Rochefort announced that he no longer had any connection whatever with the paper, and severely reproved the tone of the article, declaring it to be the duty of all good citizens to sustain the Government. Thereupon the mob attacked the office of the paper, and burned the offensive issue. Mr. Rochefort had the opportunity of knowing how Louis Napoleon felt when the *Marseillaise* used to attack the empire.

It must be rather disagreeable to the better kind of Democratic journals to urge the defeat of the Republicans in this State upon the ground that they favor reasonable and honorable measures for preventing the unspeakable suffering and constant crime that result from drunkenness. The sneaking way in which this argument is insinuated by some Democratic papers is characteristic. But the great mass of intelligent German voters, as they are called, although they are American citizens, are as much opposed to grog-shops as any reputable class of the community. The position of the Republican party in this State upon the subject was precisely defined at its late Convention. It accepts, as the Democrats accept, the license system, as a wise and orderly system; and it says, what it is not easy to deny, that while the people of the towns and villages and cities have the right under the Democratic excise law to license the sale of intoxicating liquors, they should have the right, by a majority of votes, to prohibit such sales. The Republican party can better afford to lose than to keep the support of those who do not see how closely the common welfare, private happiness, and public taxation are connected with a wise supervision of the sale of intoxicating liquors.

The Young Democracy, as they cheerily call themselves, are organizing for the election. They will not, of course, expect public confidence in advance after their action in the Legislature last spring. The difference, as they say in the West, between the "advertised bills" and the performance was so ineffably ludicrous that the audience will now naturally wait for the result. For the Tammany managers the movement may be very serious. Their unmitigated despotism is such that, sooner or later, a successful revolution against it is inevitable, and this may be the beginning. If the Young Democracy break the Tammany Ring they will give us another, of course. They are Democrats like their opponents in their camp. Nobody is deceived by them; and therefore it is hardly worth while for them to say a great deal about honesty and other virtues. The Young Democracy simply do not see why Tammany should have all the loot. From their point of view they are quite right, and there is no reason whatever why they should not have their share, or distribute the whole. Meanwhile the public knows that it is sure to suffer, whichever party wins.

It would be very amusing if the first event after the declaration of papal infallibility should be the precipitate departure of the Pope from Rome. The Italian Government is about to take possession of what is called its natural capital. It professes great respect for his Holiness, and proposes to treat him with the utmost reverence. But the Pope and his Minister, Antonelli, know very well that when Victor Emanuel is in Rome the Pope is no longer king. Thackeray tells us of the fine dinners where the gorgeously liveried attendants are bailiffs, who, in that deceptive form, keep watch of the host. So the Pope would curiously look upon his obsequious guard of honor of the Italian army as his jailers in uniform. But it is not the least of the changes which the war invoked by Louis Napoleon is likely to produce in Europe, that the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Rome will be destroyed, and that officer become a wholly ecclesiastical functionary. And it must be said of the temporal government of the popes that it has been the most cruel, demoralizing, and barbarizing in history. There are few civilized populations so wretched and ignorant as that of the Papal States. No generous reform, no progress in civilization, is due to them. They have been the helpless victims of ecclesiastics, who are the worst of tyrants. By the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government the long-oppressed Papal States will be opened to the humane and ennobling influences of which they have been so long and so disastrously deprived.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

The gates of Paris were closed on the 16th of September, and the city declared to be in a state of siege. Its power to resist an attack, in the opinion of military men, is limited only by the supply of food, and this is ample. General Trochu has 410,000 men under arms, and has made most complete preparations for defense. If the enemy should batter down the walls, or get within the city by surprise, they will have to make their way over formidable barricades. There is an immense supply of powder within the city, and plenty of arms. The people are reported as calm, but resolute, and determined to emulate Strasbourg.

It was reported from Tours (now the actual seat of government in France) on September 18 that on the day preceding General Vinoy made a reconnoissance from Paris, and discovered a force of 30,000 Prussians posted at Creteil. A skirmish took place, in which the French lost fifteen killed and thirty wounded. A cannonade followed, lasting two hours. Cannonading has been heard in the directions of Forts Ivry and Charenton. The first of these forts is on the south and the other on the southeast of Paris, forming part of the external line of defense. On the 17th the fort at Vincennes was destroyed by the French, the position being considered untenable. At latest advices the Prussian forces were drawing closely around the city, and cutting it off from communication with the rest of France. Actual siege operations had not commenced up to September 20, owing, it was reported, to the fact that the heavy Prussian siege train was stuck fast in the mud in the Canal de la Marne au Rhin, from which the water had been suddenly drawn off by the French engineers.

It was reported from London on the 18th ult. that Lord Lyons was conducting negotiations between M. Jules Favre and Count Von Bismarck, and that a brief armistice had been arranged. It is understood that the Prussian Government had previously rejected the terms proposed by M. Thiers, which were: Payment to Prussia of the war expenses, destruction of all the forts in Alsace and Lorraine, temporary occupation of Metz and Strasbourg by the German troops until the election of an authorized government for France and the ratification of the treaty by the proper authorities; but it is thought that, having actually arrived under the walls of Paris, the King of Prussia may be induced to relax the rigor of his demands.

There was a rumor, which does not appear to be confirmed by later dispatches, that a portion of Bazaine's army had escaped from Metz, under General Canrobert, and was proceeding to operate on the Prussian flank. We give on page 633 an interesting bird's-eye view of the beleaguered city and its fortifications, from which the reader can form a very accurate conception of Marshal Bazaine's position.

The heroic defense of the city of Strasbourg excites the admiration of Europe. A special dispatch to the New York *World*, dated Ostend, September 18, says: "An English officer here to-day from the Upper Rhine, who witnessed the bombardment of Strasbourg on the 15th, says that, unless the works of the besiegers are pushed with more intelligence and activity than has heretofore been displayed, there is no reason why the city should not hold out for a long time to come. He states that the Cathedral shows no signs of dilapidation, that the batteries of the besieged are heavier and better served than those of the attack, that there is an epidemic of a choleraic type among the Baden troops, and that a mutiny took place in a regiment of them at Ostwald, last week, which resulted in the mutineers occupying, and defending themselves in, the reformatory at that place, most of the buildings of which were destroyed before the disturbances were suppressed."

The Cologne *Gazette* of September 17 has an editorial article giving the following interesting statistics and particulars concerning this remarkable siege: "There are now before Strasbourg eighteen batteries of mortars and rifled cannon. These fire collectively more than 7000 shots into the city every day. Thirty carloads of munitions of war, including 8000 quintals of iron, are thus consumed daily."

The fortress of Toul still holds out bravely against the besiegers.

A dispatch from King William makes a great reduction in the number of prisoners secured by the capitulation of Sedan. It states that the total number of men actually captured was only 30,000, including 39 generals and 2595 officers, 500 of whom were released on parole. The killed and wounded numbered 20,000. It is reported that great numbers of soldiers escaped from Sedan before the actual capitulation, and have made their way to Paris.

The mission of the French fleet has utterly failed. Commander Willaumez complains that all the promises made to him by the Minister of Marine, when the fleet left Cherbourg, have been broken. He was assured that several armor-clad ships would follow him at brief intervals, and that a fleet of transports, with a force of thirty or forty thousand troops, for land service, would speedily join him. Nothing of the kind has been done, and his position has been a difficult and dangerous one. Kiel was not attacked, because the forts commanding the entrance are situated so high that they could not be reached by the ships' guns; and the bay is filled with torpedoes, and has been made unnavigable by the sinking of vessels, connected by chain cables. Iron-clads, recalled from the Baltic and North seas, are to protect Cherbourg, Havre, and other ports.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

An official dispatch to the Italian Government at Florence, from the head-quarters of the Italian Army of Occupation in the Roman territory, dated at Monte Rotundo, September 17, says that Baron Von Arnim came to General Cadorna's quarters by authorization of the Pope to explain that the foreign military forces for the moment ruled the city of Rome, and his Holiness was unable to prevent resistance to the entrance of the Italian troops. He wished to know what course General Cadorna intended to take. The General replied that his purpose was fully set forth in the royal proclamation. The King had shown great patience, but the fact that foreigners attempted to defend the city and rule the Pope, tried that patience severely. The Baron Von Arnim begged for a delay of twenty-four hours, that he might bring additional influence to bear on the Pope. General Cadorna so far yielded as to suspend the attack on Rome for twenty-four hours, but reserving the right to manœuvre his troops, which now encircle the city.

The following dispatches give the latest intelligence respecting the march on Rome:

London, *September* 18.—The latest advices from Rome state that the Pope and the Diplomatic Corps have taken refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo, and that the capitulation of the city is hourly expected.

London, *September* 18.—The people of Rome are in favor of admitting the national troops, but the Zouaves and the clergy restrain them from taking practical steps in that direction.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

A correspondent gives a sorry picture of the ex-Emperor at Wilhelmshöhe. He says: "He is now bloated, bilious, and yellow. His eyes are faint, tired, and expressionless. His movements are slow, awkward, and mechanical, and his face absolutely devoid of expression....He retires late, and rises early....He dresses plainly in black, and amuses himself a great deal by talking to the school-children, who gather around to see him."

The discovery of an immense cataract in British Guiana is reported. There are two falls, one 770, and the other 50 feet in height, the volumes of water being 78 feet deep and 100 yards wide.

The telegraph cable from Cuba to Jamaica has been successfully laid.

Further outrages have been committed on the missionaries in China, and the people are said to be preparing for war.

A bill has passed the First Chamber in Holland abolishing the death penalty.

The international boat-race between the Tyne and St. John crews took place September 15, on the St. Lawrence River, at Lachine, and was won by the former in 41 minutes and 10 seconds.

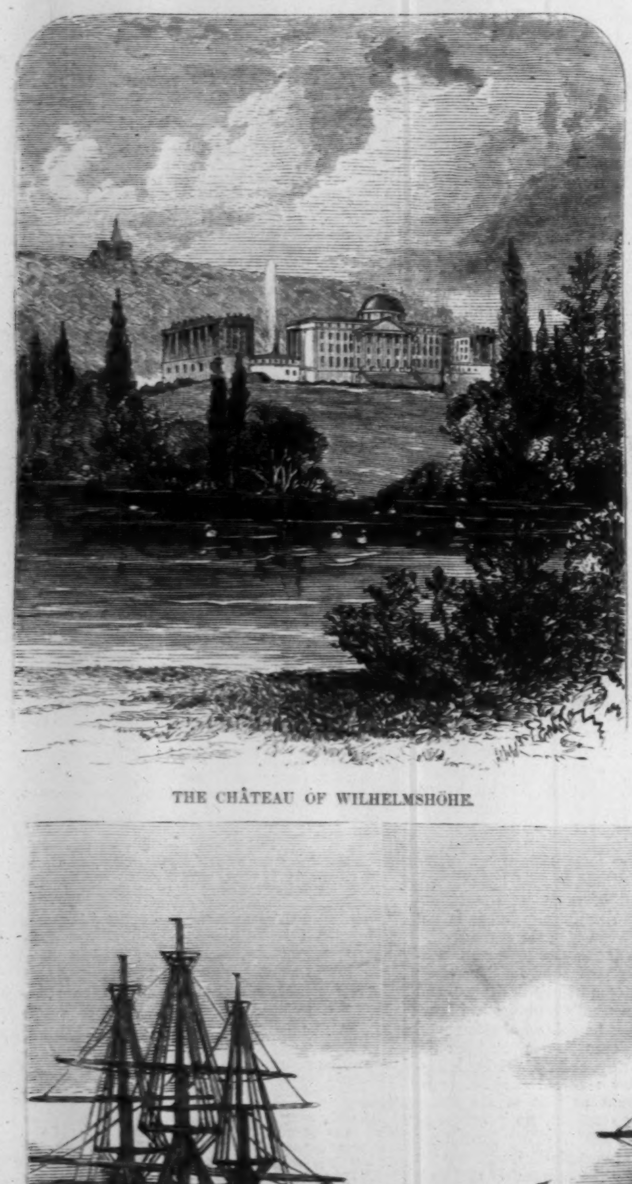
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Notice has been given by the Post-office Department of a postal convention with the empire of Brazil, establishing and regulating the exchange of correspondence between that country and this, and fixing the rates of postage.

Governor Shaffer, of Utah, has issued a proclamation forbidding the assembling of the Mormon militia, and of all gatherings of armed men.

Judge Daly, of the New York Court of Common Pleas, in a case of life-insurance, has decided that the death of the insured, resulting from habits of intoxication acquired after effecting the policy, does not render the policy void, and can not therefore be pleaded as a defense in an action to recover the amount of insurance.

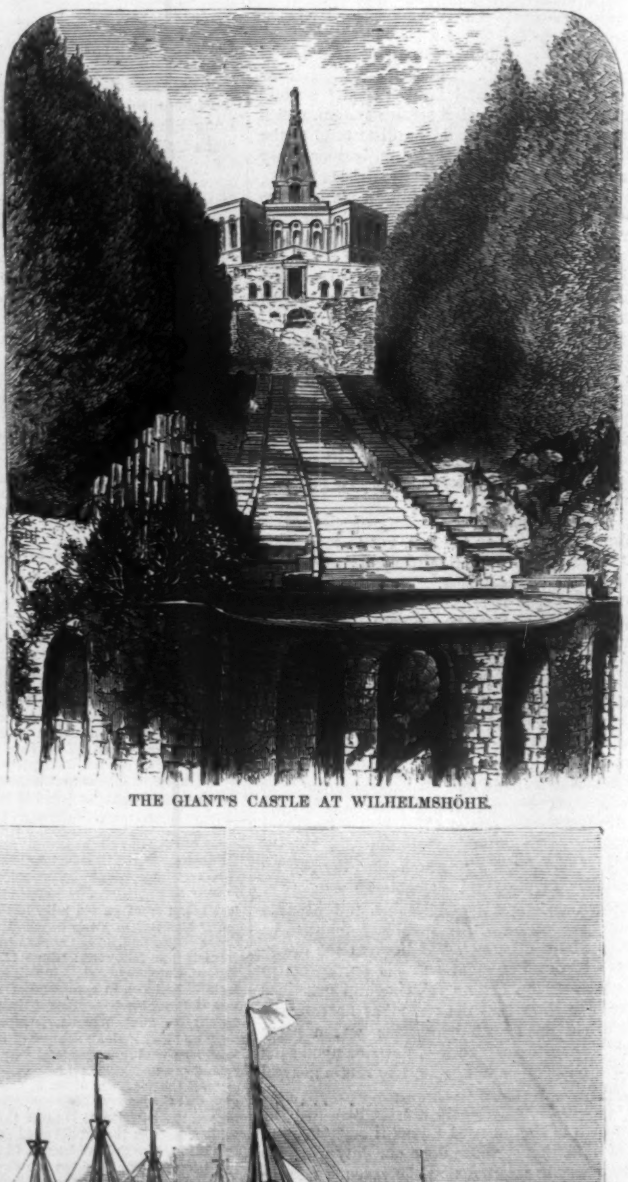
DRILLING CITIZENS IN PARIS.—[See Page 635.]



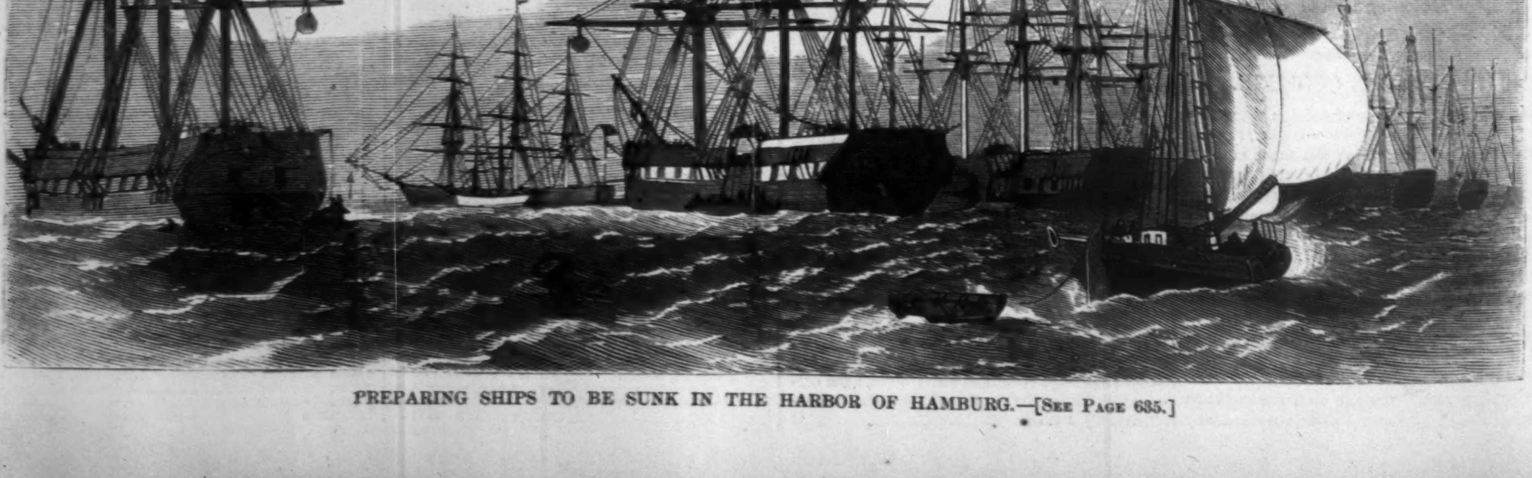
THE CHÂTEAU OF WILHELMSHÖHE.

WILHELMSHÖHE.

Wilhelmshöhe (in English signifying William's Height), which has been designated by King William as the residence of Napoleon, and of which we give two illustrations on this page, is one of the most delightful resorts of royalty in Germany—more so on account of its fine location and beautiful park than its palace. But the most remarkable feature of the place is the grand cascade, fountains, and other water-works, which deservedly rank among the finest of Europe. The mountain-side upon which they are located, situated about three miles from the city of Cassel, is upward of twelve hundred feet in height, and is crowned with a huge structure, in the shape of an octagon, called the Giant's Castle, from the centre of which rises a pyramid, ninety-six feet in height, supporting a bronze statue of Hercules full thirty feet high. The castle covers the reservoir containing the waters which, on Sundays and fête days, are let loose, and flow down an inclined plane of three hundred yards, with a width of forty feet, broken at distances of fifty yards by small basins. The whole is constructed of solid masonry. At the foot the water is gathered again to pass through an aqueduct that looks like a relic of ancient Rome, and finally shoots up, in a stream of twelve inches thickness, to the height of one hundred and ninety feet. This fountain is visible beyond the château in our first illustration.



THE GIANT'S CASTLE AT WILHELMSHÖHE.



PREPARING SHIPS TO BE SUNK IN THE HARBOR OF HAMBURG.—[See Page 635.]

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

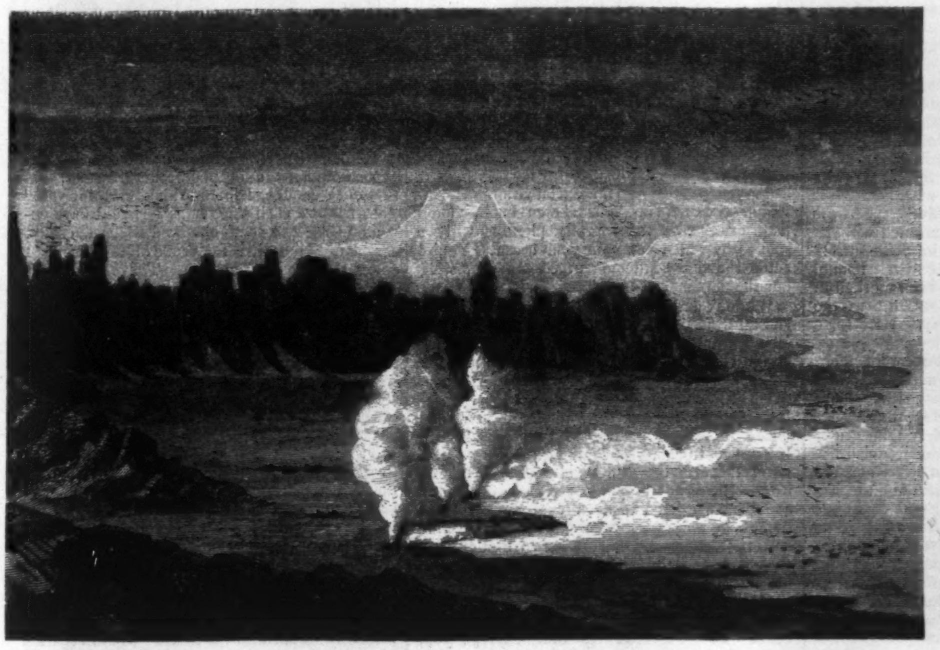
CHAPTER III.

The Population of Iceland.—Severity of the Climate.—Former Mildness.—Magnificent Lake Scenery.—Swimming a River.—Crossing at a Ford.—A Lake of Boiling Springs.

The population of Iceland was in former times considerably greater than it is now, although, after a long period of gradual diminution, it is now again tending to an increase. The tendency to diminution, which for a long time was quite manifest, was due apparently to two causes: first, a relaxation of the spirit of persecution at home, and a diminution of the civil and political troubles, in consequence of which a smaller number of families were driven to flight or exile, thus diminishing the immigration; and, secondly, a gradual change in the climate of the island, resulting in an increase of cold, and a consequent curtailment of the productiveness of vegetation. For, though the islanders depend in a great measure for their subsistence on the products of the sea, the grass which sustains their domestic animals is of vast importance to them. The growth and the value of this grass are much greater than one would suppose possible in a country lying on the confines of the arctic circle. For, in all these regions, through the effects of the warm currents of water carried thither by the Gulf Stream, and of other cosmical influences, the summers, such as they are, are protracted, and the winters are far less severe than the latitude would indicate. Thus, in respect to Iceland, the July isothermal of Newfoundland, which lies a thousand miles to the southward, passes through it. In winter the advantage is greater still, for the January isothermal of Iceland passes through New York. In other words, in Iceland they have the summers of Labrador, with the winters of New York; that is to say, the influences above referred to carry to this region in summer the climate of countries situated a thousand, and in winter of those fifteen hundred, miles to the southward of them.

LAKE SCENERY IN ICELAND.

Whether any part of this relaxation in Iceland of the severity of the cold natural to the latitude is due to the volcanic heat still slumbering beneath the surface of the ground is, perhaps, uncertain. It is known that the rocks forming the crust of the earth are very slow conductors of heat. There is found to be, moreover, a gradual but very regular increase of temperature as we descend from the surface in all parts of the earth, and this being the case, there must be a real, though perhaps small and inappreciable, warming of the surface every where from the heat within. This effect must be still more decided in volcanic countries, where the heated portions come much nearer the surface, and the effect must be felt more sensibly in the colder latitudes, on account of the greater contrast between the outer and the inner portions. If this is so, and if the volcanic heat of Iceland is, as would appear to be the case, gradually declining—it certainly is infinitely less than it was at some former period, since the whole mass is volcanic, and was once in a state of fusion—the gradual deterioration of the climate and the diminution of vegetation are at least partially explained.



BOILING SPRINGS OF LAKE LANGARVATN.

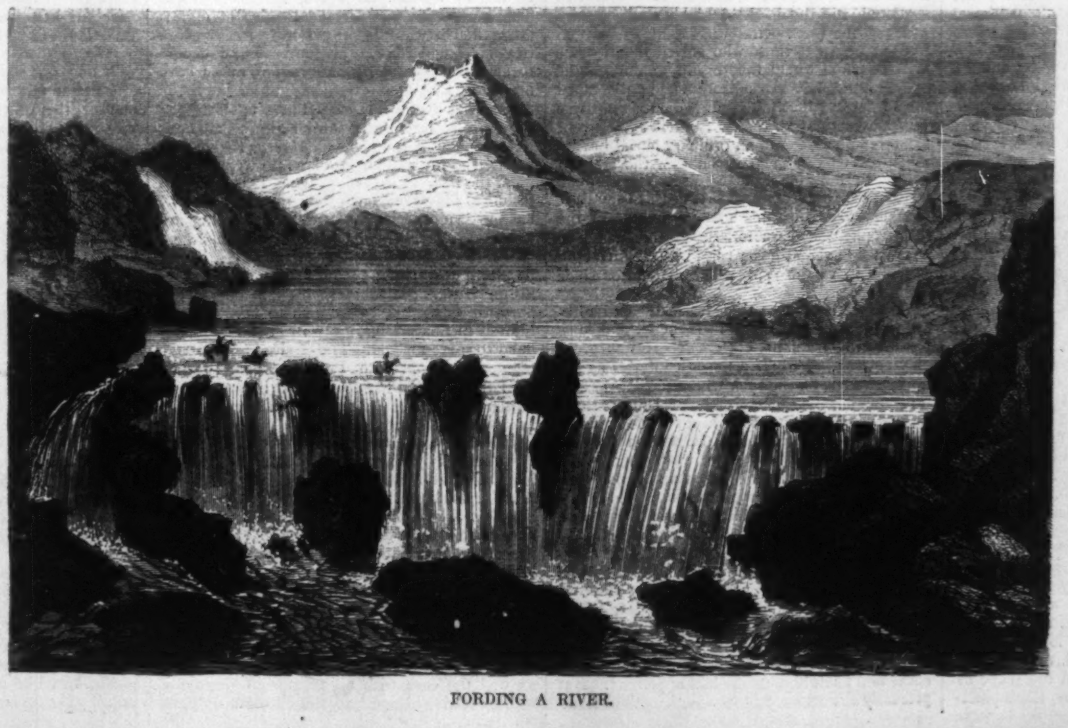
SWIMMING A RIVER.

That there has been this gradual refrigeration of the climate, or at least of the soil, of Iceland, within a moderate number of centuries past, is shown not only by the historical testimony in respect to the state of things in former times, but also by traces, in many places apparent, of a former luxuriance of vegetation which now no longer exists. Varieties of grain were once produced which now can not be made to ripen, and great forests which formerly spread over portions of the island have disappeared, and now no trees, or scarcely any, will grow. The traces of these old forests still remain in deposits of semi-carbonized wood, which the people now use for fuel.

The average temperature of the country at the sea level—namely, that of Labrador in summer, and of New York in winter—would make the whole island habitable by man if the interior were but little raised from the sea, and if sufficient time had elapsed since the ejection of the basalt and lava for the surface to have covered itself with a soil. But this is not the case. The interior rises here and there into long mountainous ranges and lofty summits, some of which are covered with eternal ice and snow; and when the elevation is not sufficient to reach the line of perpetual congelation the rocks are ragged and bare, and, as is usual with volcanic products, have, in cooling and in suffering disintegration from the weather, opened vertical instead of horizontal seams, and present to view a confused mass of peaks and pinnacles and precipices and chasms, forming a bristling surface which it will require, as it would seem, some millions of years more of winter frost and summer rain to soften and subdue, and cover with a surface of fertile soil.

And yet, savage and inhospitable as is the expression of the scenery of the interior in general, the traveler sometimes comes suddenly upon an attractive view. There are many lakes in the country, and some of these, with their surroundings, would form charming landscapes if they were bordered with forests and fields, and their banks were adorned with human habitations.

These lakes are formed, of course, of the accumulations from the rains, which come from the condensation of the vapors that ascend from the comparatively warm seas which environ



FORDING A RIVER.

the island. When there is a channel of communication open between one of these lakes and the sea a river is formed. Some of these rivers are a hundred and fifty miles or more in length, and they flow through the wildest country and over the roughest beds, with cascades and cataracts innumerable, for, on account of the great elevation of the interior portions of the island, the descent is usually very great from their sources to the sea. Of course these rivers add greatly to the difficulty of traveling. Many of them, especially as they approach toward the sea, are broad and deep. At some of the crossing-places most used a rude boat is found, by means of which the party of travelers and their guides can pass, while the horses are made to swim. Where this mode of transportation is not provided the only alternative is to follow up the bank of the river until a place is found shallow enough to be forded. Some of these fords would seem, from the representations given us by travelers, to be dangerous in the extreme.

Wherever lakes have been formed in hollows which have no channel of communication with the sea, so that no river can flow from them to carry off the surplus water, a marsh is formed, through which ooze often sulphureous and suffocating vapors, always disagreeable, and sometimes dangerous. Over some of these bogs, in certain parts of the country, the horse-path is carried by a kind of narrow embankment or dyke, which quakes under the tread, and threatens to engulf the traveler in the most horrible slough that the imagination can conceive.

As the traveler advances into the interior, indications of the increase of the subterranean heat, or rather of its influence approaching nearer to the surface of the ground, multiply. He sees columns of vapor rising from the ground in various places, usually in the vicinity of surface water, either that of a river or a lake. One striking example of this is seen at a lake called Lake Langarvatn, a Danish name signifying Bathing Lake, which designation seems to intimate that in former times, when the country was more populous, it may have been resorted to by the inhabitants for the purpose of bathing in its tepid waters; or the name may have been given to it by a kind of figure of speech, playfully, as a large hollow pool is sometimes called the Punch-Bowl, or a frightful precipice of rocks the Lover's Leap. At any rate, on the borders of this lake are several hot springs which throw up columns of vapor that rise sometimes quite high into the air, and attract the attention of the traveler long before he arrives at the spot.

All these issuings of hot water and steam from the interior are due, no doubt, to the penetration of the surface water through orifices and fissures in the rocks to the heated, and perhaps even fused, strata below. Sometimes when these waters penetrate to a moderate depth only they are brought into contact with strata the temperature of which is only moderately raised, and then they issue, wherever they can find an opening at a lower level, in a warm spring, or a hot spring, or a boiling spring—or even in a continuous jet of roaring vapor, like that of a gigantic boiler blowing off its steam. In all these cases we see only different forms of the great conflict which is still going on, and has been going on for ages, between the internal heat of these volcanic regions and the external cold; for the liquidity of the water, given to it by the atmospheric influences prevailing without, is only the product and the expression of cold, and the vehicle, moreover, by which the cold is carried down to the field of conflict within.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

RICHARD BURNS HIS BOATS.

It was strange enough that day after day and week after week went by without John Trevethick making any reference to the application his guest had made for his daughter's hand. His silence certainly seemed to favor it; and the more so since, notwithstanding what he knew, he put no obstacles in the way of the young people's meeting and enjoying each other's society as heretofore. Perhaps he had too strong a confidence in Harry's sense of duty, or in the somewhat more than filial fear in which she stood of him. Perhaps Richard's prudent and undemonstrative behavior toward the girl in the presence of others deceived him. But, at all events, the summer came and still found Richard under the same roof with Harry, and more like one of the family than ever. Tourists of the young man's own position in life, and even of the same profession, began to visit Gethin, and of course "put up" at the *Castle*, but he found nothing so attractive in their company as to withdraw him from that homely coterie in the bar parlor for a single evening. He was always made welcome there by both his host and Solomon; and without doubt, so far as the former was concerned, a less sanguine man than the young landscape-painter might have considered that his suit was tacitly acceded to.

Even Harry herself—to whom her father's conduct was surprising enough—had come at last to this conclusion. Only one thing militated against this pleasant view of affairs—it was certain that the old man had not yet opened his lips to "Sol" upon the matter. It was clear that the miner still considered himself in the light of Harry's accepted suitor. As a lover, he was fortunately phlegmatic, and did not demand those little tributes of affection in the shape of smiles and whispers, secret glances, silent pressures, which his position might have exacted; but he would now and then pay her a blundering compliment in a manner that could not be misinterpreted, or even make some direct allusion to their future settlement in life, which embarrassed her still more. The young girl, as we have hinted, was by no means incapable of dissimulation, but she naturally revolted against having to support such a *rôle* as this, and would have even run the risk of precipitating what might have been a catastrophe by undeceiving him. But Richard bade her have patience. He had strong reasons, if they were not good ones, for being well satisfied with the present state of affairs. In love, notwithstanding much savage writing to the contrary, it is the woman who suffers; it is she who is the small trader, who can least afford to wait, while man is the capitalist. Richard saw no immediate necessity for pressing the matter of his marriage, upon which his heart was, nevertheless, as deeply set as ever. He would not (to do him justice) have been parted from his Harry now for all the wealth of Carew. But he was not parted from her, and he did not wish to risk even a temporary separation by any act of impetuosity. Living was cheap as well as pleasant at the *Gethin Castle*, and it was of importance to husband his funds—to reserve as much of his resources as he could for the expenses of his honey-moon. So far, and no farther, went his plans for the future. He knew that his mother would not refuse to offer them a home, even if his wife should come to him empty-handed; and the more he humored the old man, and abstained from demanding a decision, when it was clear the other preferred to procrastinate, the better favor he would have with him, and consequently the better chance of gaining a dowry with his daughter. Even if he should press matters, it was probable, he reasoned, that Trevethick had no decisive reply to give him. He had doubtless written to Mr. Whymper, and learned all that Richard had already divulged to him—and no more; that is to say, that he was, though an unacknowledged offspring of the Squire, in a very different position, at all events, toward him than that of a mere natural son. Trevethick could not have heard less—that is, less to his advantage—or he certainly would not have kept silence for so long.

Such was the state of affairs at Gethin. Harry with her two suitors; her father with his two expectant sons-in-law, each of whom had more or less of reason for his expectation. Though Richard might be satisfied with it, it was clear it could not last forever—nor for long. The day on which the change took place, though it was in no wise remarkable in other respects, he never forgot: every incident connected with it, though disregarded at the time, impressed itself upon his mind, to be subsequently dwelt upon a thousand times. It might have been marked in the hitherto sunny calendar of his life as the "Last day of Thoughtless Gayety. Here Love and Pleasure end."

It was fine weather, and there were more tourists at the inn than could be accommodated, so Richard had given up his private sitting-room to their temporary use. This, however, did not throw him more in Harry's society than usual, since their presence naturally much occupied her time. He had not, indeed, seen her since the mid-day meal which he had taken in the bar parlor; but she had promised, if she could get away, to call for him at a certain spot where he had gone to sketch—the church-yard on the hill. The attraction of the castled rock was such that few visitors sought the former spot, notwithstanding its picturesque and wild position. How the church maintained itself on that elevated and unsheltered hill, despite such winds as swept it in the winter, was almost a miracle: but there it stood—as it had done for centuries—gray, solitary, sublime. It was of considerable size, but small in comparison with its God's-acre, which was of vast extent, and only sparsely occupied by graves. The bare and rocky moor was almost valueless; it is as easy for one duly qualified to consecrate a square mile as an acre; and the materials of the low stone wall that marked its limits had been close at hand. In one or two spots only did the dead lie thickly; where shipwrecked mariners—the very names of whom were unknown to those who buried them—were interred; and where the victims of the Plague reposed by scores. Even Gethin had not escaped the ravages of that fell scourge; and, what was very singular, had suffered from it twice over; for, on the occasion of an ordinary burial having taken place many generations after the first calamity, in the same spot, the disease had broken forth afresh, and scattered broadcast in the little hamlet ancient death. The particulars of the catastrophe, so characteristic of this home of antique legend and hoary ruin, were engraven on a stone above the spot, which had never since been disturbed.

In a lone corner, as though seeking in its humility to be as distant from the sacred edifice as possible, was a quaint old cross. It was probably not so old by half a dozen centuries as the grave-mounds on the rock where the ruined castle stood, but it seemed even older, because there were words cut in its stone in a tongue that was no longer known to man. Seated on the low wall beside it, Richard was transferring to his sketch-book this relic of the past in his usual intermittent manner—now gazing out upon the far-stretching sea, here blue and bright, there shadowed by a passing cloud; now down into the village, which stood on a lower hill, with a ravine between. He had seen the post-cart come and go—for it came in and went out simultaneously at that out-of-the-way hamlet, where there was no one to write complainingly to the papers concerning the inefficiency of the mail service—and it was almost time for Harry to come and fetch him, as she had appointed. But presently the reason for her absence made itself apparent in the person of her father. It was not unusual for old Trevethick, at the close of the day, to call at the cottage in the ravine, which the guide to the ruin inhabited in the summer months, and see how business was doing in that quarter. If he had no eye for the picturesque, he had a very sharp one for the shillings which were made out of it; and Richard was not surprised to see the landlord descending the opposite hill. "This will keep Harry at home; confound him!" muttered the young man to himself, and then resumed his occupation. As there was now no one to watch for, he worked with more assiduity, and with such engrossment in his subject that he was first made conscious that he was not alone by the sudden presence of a shadow on his sketch-book. He looked up, not a little startled, and there was John Trevethick standing beside him, his huge form black against the sun.

"You may well be frightened, young gentleman," were his first ominous words; "it is only a guilty conscience that starts at a shadow."

Richard *had* a guilty conscience; and yet the remark that was thus addressed to him, unconciliatory, if not directly hostile, as it was, rather reassured him than otherwise.

Trevethick's presence there, for he had never made pretense of seeking Richard's society for its own sake—was of evil augury; his tone and manner were morose and threatening; his swarthy face was full of pent-up wrath; and yet it was obvious to the other that the secret was yet safe, the divulging of which he had most cause to fear. Had it been otherwise there would have been no mere thunder-cloud, but a tornado. "The post has brought some ill news from Crompton," was what flashed across the young man's brain; and the thought, though sufficiently uncomfortable, was a relief compared with that he had first entertained, and which had driven the color from his cheeks.

"I have no cause to be frightened, that I know of, either of you or any other man, Mr. Trevethick," observed Richard, haughtily.

"I hear you say so," was the other's grim reply; "but I shall be better pleased to hear you prove it."

"Prove what?"

"Two things—that you are not a bastard, nor a pauper."

Richard leaped down from the wall with a fierce oath; and for a moment it really seemed that he would have flung himself against his gigantic opponent, like a fretful wave against a rock of granite.

Trevethick uttered an exclamation of contempt. "Pick up your sketch-book, young man, or one of those pretty pictures will be spoiled by which you gain your bread. You've acted the fine gentleman at Gethin very well, but the play is over now."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Trevethick. If you must needs be insolent, at all events, be explicit. You have miscalled me by two names—Bastard and Pauper. Who has put those lies into your mouth, the taste of which you seem to relish so?"

Trevethick reached forth his huge hand, and seized the other's shoulder with a gripe of steel. It seemed to compress bone and sinew as in a vice; the arm between them was as a bar of iron. Richard felt powerless as a child, and could have cried like a child—not from pain, though he was in great pain, but from vexation and rage. It was maddening to find himself thus physically subjugated by one whom he so utterly despised.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, cock-sparrow," growled the giant, "lest I wring your neck. You're a nice one to talk of lying; you, with your tales of son and heirship to the Squire, and your offers of copper-mines for the asking! Who told me how I had been fooled? Why, Carew himself! You thought I should write to the parson, eh?"

Richard certainly had thought that he would have written to the parson, but he strove to look as calm and free from disappointment as he could, as he replied: "It was quite indifferent to me to whom you wrote, Mr. Trevethick. There was only one account to give of my affairs; and it was the same I had already given to you. I told you that my father did not choose to acknowledge me for the present, and I have no doubt that your questioning him upon the matter has made him very bitter against me; the more so because he is well aware that he is fighting against the truth; he knows that he was married to my mother in a lawful way, and that I am the issue of that marriage. It is true that technical objections have been raised against it, but his own conscience warns him that they are worthless. Mr. Whymper will tell you the same."

"Never you mind Mr. Whymper," said the landlord, gruffly, but at the same time relaxing his grasp upon the young man's shoulder; "the parson needs all his cleverness to take care of himself in this matter, and will have no helping hand to spare for you. The Squire is in a pretty temper with you both, I promise you. Here's his letter, if you'd like to see what he says of you in black and white; not that there's much white in it, egad!"

It was a custom of the Squire of Crompton, unconsciously plagiarized from the Great Napoleon, to let all letters addressed to him in an unfamiliar hand answer themselves. They were not destroyed, but lay for weeks or months unopened, until the fancy seized him to examine their contents. He made, it was true, a gallant exception in the case of those whose superscription seemed to promise a lady correspondent; but that had not been the case with the communication from Trevethick, and hence the long interval that had elapsed before it was attended to. Trevethick's business letters had hitherto, as was the case with all tenants of Crompton estate, been addressed to the chaplain only, so that he was unaware of this peculiarity of Carew, and had naturally construed his silence into a tacit admission of the truth of Richard's statement.

If force of language and bitterness of tone could have made up for his previous neglect, the Squire's letter was an apology in itself. It was short, but sharp and decisive. "The grain of truth," he wrote, "among the bushel of lies that this young gentleman has told you is, that he was once a guest under my roof—I forget whether for two nights or three. He will never be there again—neither now nor after I am in my box" (this was the Squire's playful way of alluding to the rites of sepulture). "He has no more claim upon me than any other of my bastards—of whom I have more than I know of—and in fact less, for I may have deceived their mothers, whereas his played a trick on me. As to his expectations from me, I can only tell you this much, that I expect he will come to be hanged; as for interest, whatever he may have with my son of a she-dog of a chaplain, he has none with me; and, as for money, so far as I know, he is a pauper, and likely to remain so as long as he lives." There were other sentences spurted from the volcano of the Squire's wrath, but to the same effect.

"A nice letter of recommendation, truly, and from his own father, of the young gentleman who asked me for my daughter's hand!" growled Trevethick. "You ought to be thankful to get out of Gethin with whole bones. If 'Sol' was to come to know of what you asked of me, I would not answer for even so much as that, I promise you."

"'Sol' might have known of it had you not chosen to keep it from him, for reasons best known to yourself," said Richard, quietly. "You have taken some time to make up your mind between us."

Trevethick winced; for the promise of the young man's interest with respect to Wheal Danes had, in fact, been the bait which had tempted him to temporize so long. He had never meant to give his daughter to Richard; but he had hoped to reap an advantage, present or future, out of the implied intention; nor did he know even yet in what relation Richard stood with Parson Whymper.

"At all events, it's made up now," answered the landlord, curtly.

"This letter has caused you to decide against me, then?"

"That letter? Well, of course it has. Not that there ain't a heap of other reasons; but that one's enough, I should think, even for you."

"It is just such a letter as I should have expected Carew to pen," observed Richard, coolly, "and does not alter the facts of the case as I stated them to you one whit. That my father is furious with me is clear enough; that is, because he is in the wrong, and feels it. He is angry, you see, even with Mr. Whymper, because he knows that his view of my case is such as I described to you. I confessed from the first that my interest at Crompton was a contingent one. You are treating me with great injustice, Mr. Trevethick."

"What! Have you so much brass left as to say that? You, that have asked my permission to pay court to my daughter, under the pretense that you were a fine gentleman, independent at present, and the heir-presumptive to one of the richest commoners in the kingdom! How durst you do it? You vagabond! you scoundrel!"

"You will be sorry for having said those words some day," said Richard, hoarsely; he was choking with rage, and yet it was necessary to restrain himself. He felt that this man would presently forbid him his house—would separate him from his Harry forever; and that would be like tearing out his heart-strings. Always audacious, there was nothing that he was not now prepared to say or do to avert this. "I tell you, Mr. Trevethick, this letter is full of lies, or rather it is written by a madman. I am not a bastard; I am not a pauper. I have an independence of my own, though, indeed, it is small compared with my expectations. My mother makes me a good allowance. I am a gentleman, and I have a right to be listened to by any man, when I ask leave to be his daughter's lover."

"Let us leave alone your gentility, Sir, and your mother's allowances," sneered the landlord, "since there is no means of gauging either the one or the other. As for your independent property—I don't believe you have a hundred pounds in the world; but it is easy enough to prove that I am mistaken there. Let me see the money down. Show me your three or four thousand pounds in gold, or notes that I know, for I must needs be particular with so clever a young gentleman; notes of the Bank of England, or of the Miners' Bank at Plymouth. Let me hold them in my hand, and then I shall feel that you are speaking the truth. At present, I tell you fairly, that if I saw a check of yours, I should look upon it as so much waste paper until I also saw it honored."

"Three thousand pounds is a large sum, Mr. Trevethick," said Richard, thoughtfully.

"Let us say two, then," returned the landlord, mockingly. "Sell out two thousand pounds of this independent fortune of yours, that has been invested in the Deep Sea Cockle Mine, or in debentures of the Railway in the Air. Let me see but two thousand pounds, Mr. Richard Yorke, and then—and not before—may you open your lips to me again respecting my daughter Harry." He turned upon his heel with a bitter laugh; while Richard, as white as the sketch-book he still held in his hand, remained speechless. A perilous thought had taken possession of his mind—a thought that it would have been better for him to have dropped down there dead than to have entertained, but it grew and grew apace within him like a foul weed. Had his life of selfish pleasure angered the long-suffering gods,

and, having resolved upon his ruin, were they already making him mad? He ran after the old man, who did not so much as turn to look behind him, though he could not but have heard his rapid steps. "Mr. Trevethick, I will do it," he gasped out.

"Do what?" said the other, contemptuously, striding on. "Go hang yourself, or jump off Gethin rock into the sea?"

"I will get you the money that you speak of—the two thousand pounds. You shall have it in your hand, and keep it for that matter, if you please."

"What?" Unutterable astonishment stared out from the landlord's face. For the first time since the receipt of Carew's letter he began to discredit its contents. If this young fellow had really the immediate command of so large a sum, there was probably much more "behind him." He must either have a fortune in his own right, or if Carew had settled such a sum of money on him, he must have had a reason for it—the very reason Richard had assigned. And if so, Wheal Danes might be his to dispose of even yet. But Trevethick was not the man to hint a doubt of his foregone conclusions. "You have not got this money in your pocket, have you?" said he, with a short dry laugh.

"No, Sir; but I can get a check for it from my mother, in course of post."

"A check!" cried the other, contemptuously, all his suspicions returning with tenfold force. "I would not give one penny for such a check."

"I will get it changed myself, Mr. Trevethick, at Plymouth. The post has gone, but I will write to-morrow, and within the week—"

"You shall not stay here a week, nor another twenty-four hours," roared Trevethick. "I have been made a fool of long enough. I will not listen to another word."

But he did listen, nevertheless. No longer hampered by vague fears and difficulties, with which he knew not how to grapple, but with a distinct plan of operations before him, Richard's eloquence was irresistible. Deceit, if not habitual with him, had been practiced too often to lack the gloss of truth from his ready tongue. He actually had a scheme for procuring the sum in question, and when he possessed confidence himself, it was rarely, indeed, that he failed to inspire it in others. For the second time, the landlord of the *Gethin Castle* found himself in doubt; he was staggered by the positiveness of the young man's assertions, and by the force and flow of his glowing words. In spite of himself, he began once more to think that he might have been mistaken in condemning him as an impostor, after all; as Richard had said, Carew *was* scarcely sane, and when excited by wrath, a downright madman. His resolves, too, were as untrustworthy and fickle as the winds. Trevethick felt tolerably convinced that the money would, at all events, be forthcoming; and the sum—large in itself—seemed the earnest of much more. Last, but not least, there were the possibilities in connection with the mine. If he broke altogether with Richard, and turned him out of his house outright, might not his first act be to reveal to Parson Whymper, in revenge, all that he knew about Wheal Danes!

"Well, well, you shall stay at Gethin, then, till your check comes, young gentleman," said he, in a tone that was meant to be conciliatory. "I don't wish to be uncivil to any man, and certainly not to one who has been my guest so long. But you will keep yourself *to* yourself, if you please, in the mean time. The bar parlor will no longer be open to you, until you have proved your right to be there. And I don't mean to promise any thing certain by that, neither; but what with your fast talking and fine speaking I'm all in a buzz."

Honest John Trevethick did not, indeed, know what to think, what to believe, or what to propose to himself for the future. His brain, unaccustomed to much reflection, and dulled by pretty frequent potations, was fairly muddled. Most heartily did he wish that this young landscape-painter had never set foot in Gethin; but yet he could not make up his mind to summarily eject him. Upon the whole, he was almost as glad to temporize in the matter as Richard was himself.

In point of fact, Richard Yorke had won the battle, and was for the present master of the field; but what a struggle it had been, and at what a loss he had obtained the victory, you might have read in his white face and haggard eyes. As to whether it would be possible to hold the advantage he had gained was a problem he had yet to solve. He had committed himself to a policy which might—nay, very probably would—succeed; but if it should fail, there would be no escape from utter ruin. He had burned his boats, and broken down the bridge behind him.

CHAPTER XX.

ON THE BRINK.

For four more days, Richard Yorke continued at the *Gethin Castle*—to outward appearance, in the same relation with the landlord and his family as before, but in reality on a totally different footing. Trevethick had not found it practicable to exclude his late guest from the bar parlor; he could not do so without entering into an explanation with its other tenants, which he was not prepared for, or without devising some excuse far beyond his powers. Notwithstanding his bluff ways, he could tell a lie without moving a muscle; but he was incapable of any such ambitious flight of deceit as the present state of affairs demanded. He had, indeed, no aptitude for social diplomacy of any kind, and suffered his change of feeling toward the young landscape-painter to appear so plainly that even the phlegmatic Solomon observed it. He was rather pleased than otherwise to do so. He had acquiesced in the hospitality with which Richard had been treated, but without the slightest sympathy with it; and, in fact, he had no sympathies save those which were connected with his personal interests. It was evident enough that his father-in-law elect had had some reasons of his own—probably in relation to the property he held under Carew—for conciliating this young gentleman; and "Sol" had taken it for granted they were good, that is, substantial, ones. If these reasons no longer existed, the sooner this young gentleman was got rid of the better. It was true he had behaved himself very civilly; but his presence among them had been, on the whole, oppressive. "Sol" rather chafed at Richard's social superiority, though it was certainly never intruded, and, at all events, he preferred the society of his own class, among whom he felt himself qualified to take the lead. But the idea of jealousy had never entered into his mind. In his eyes Richard was a mere boy, whose years, as well as his position in life, precluded him from any serious intentions with respect to Harry, whom, moreover, Solomon regarded as his betrothed. If he had been married to her, he would certainly have forbidden her "gadding about" so much with this young fellow; but at present she was under her father's rule, and the old man knew very well what he was about. He was glad that there now seemed a prospect, to judge from the latter's manner, that the lad's intimacy with Harry, and the family generally, was about to end; but it might have lasted six months longer without "Sol's" opening his mouth about it, so prudently had Richard played his cards—so irreproachably behaved "before folk."

Solomon went, as usual, daily to look after affairs at Dunloppel, but Trevethick remained within doors, under pretense that the influx of guests, which was in fact considerable, demanded his presence. He took care that Richard and Harry should have no opportunity of meeting alone throughout the day; while in the evening he sat in almost total silence, sucking his pipe, and frowning gloomily—a wet blanket upon the little company, and the source of well-grounded terror to his daughter Harry.

Richard had told her how the matter stood; protested that he could get the money; and argued that when that was done, her father could have no excuse for forbidding his suit. But she knew the old man better than he, and trembled.

On the fifth day Richard received a letter, inclosing a check for two thousand pounds upon a London bank, from his mother, and, with an air of quiet triumph, showed it to his host.

"That is worth nothing here," observed Trevethick, coldly; "for all I know, the bank may not exist, or she may have no account there." But it was plain he was surprised, and disappointed.

"Notice has been sent to Plymouth, as I am here informed," said Richard; "so that I can get the check changed there, if you are still dissatisfied; which, you must pardon me for saying, I do not think you really are. Come, take my hand, and allow that you have behaved ungenerously. You're a man of your word, I know. This proves to you I am at least no pauper. I claim the right which you agreed to grant on that condition, to ask your daughter's hand, and demand of you to leave her, at all events, to grant it if she pleases. I affirm, once more, the truth of all that I have told you as regards myself. I am Carew's only son, begotten in lawful wedlock. He will acknowledge as much himself some day, even though he should delay it to his dying hour. If ever I come to possess it (and I think I shall), Wheal Danes shall be yours, without the payment of a shilling. Even now, I do not offer myself empty-handed. This is the sum that you yourself agreed I should show myself possessed of; but there is more where this comes from. I ask again, then, give me my fair chance with Harry: let her choose between me and this man Coe."

This was a wily speech; for Richard was recapitulating the very arguments which were presenting themselves to the old man's mind. True, he had promised his daughter to Solomon, and would much rather have had him for a son-in-law; but there were unquestionably great advantages in the position of this other claimant. Trevethick was not quite the slave to gratitude which he had professed himself to be, with respect to Coe's father. He did feel sincerely grateful; but he had himself exaggerated the feeling, with the very intention of making Harry understand that her fate was fixed. He had not been blind to the fact, that from the first she had never regarded "Sol" with favor as a suitor, and it was still possible to break off the match without disgrace, upon the ground of her disinclination to it. Above all, perhaps, he was actuated by the apprehension that Richard, if refused a hearing, would disclose the secret of Wheal Danes, and wreck the scheme upon which his heart had been set for near half a century. One word from him would divert the unsuspected wealth, over which he had so long gloated in anticipation, into another's hand. But he did not like the young man better for the precious knowledge which he alone shared with him; far otherwise; he hated him for it, and, without being a murderer in his heart, would have gladly welcomed the news that his mouth was closed forever by death.

"I wish such or such a one was in heaven," is a common expression, the meaning of which is of still more general acceptation. The idea, in fact, has doubtless flitted across the minds of most of us, though few, let us hope, would help to realize it; for, notwithstanding its agreeable form, it is not a benevolent aspiration. The reception of the individual in question into the realms of bliss has less interest with us than his removal from the earth's surface, and, consequently, from our path upon it. We may be very civil toward this person, and we often are; but we seldom desire him for a son-in-law. John Trevethick did not. But still less did he desire his open enmity; the longer, at all events, the declaration of war could be deferred the better.

"Come," urged Richard; "I am only demanding the redemption of your promise—one," added he, precipitately, "that it lies in your own power to redeem."

"The conditions, Mr. Yorke, have not yet been fulfilled," said Trevethick, pointing to the check. "I must see that money in bank-notes."

He had not the least doubt of the genuineness of the document; but his objection would at least give him the respite of another day or two, and a respite seemed almost a reprieve.

"As you will," answered Richard, with a faint smile. "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me, and only costs me a journey to Plymouth. If you will be so good as to let me have some vehicle to take me as far as Turlock, I will pack my carpet-bag and start at once."

The landlord nodded, and withdrew without a word.

Left to himself, the smile faded from Richard's face, and was succeeded by a look of the utmost dejection and disappointment. All had been going so well up to that very last moment, and now all remained to be done, just as though nothing had been done at all. The dangerous path that he had marked out for himself had to be trodden from first to last, at the very moment when he had seemed to have reached his journey's end by a safe short-cut. He knew that it was the smallest grain of suspicion, if not the mere desire to procrastinate, that had turned the scale in Trevethick's mind, and imposed this task upon him. The genuineness of the check had been *almost* taken for granted—entire success had been missed, as it were, by a hair's-breadth. And now he was as far from it as ever. Had he been but a little more earnest, or a little more careless in his own manner, all might have been well. The obstacle that intervened between him and his desire still stood there, though only by an accident, as though, after he had fairly blown it into the air, it had resettled itself precisely in the same spot.

Richard felt like some offender against the law who had been foiled in an ingenious scheme by the stupidity rather than the sagacity of him he would have defrauded; or, rather, like one who has been brought to justice by misadventure—through some blunder which Fate itself had suggested to his prosecutor. He was filled with bitterness and mortification, and also with fear. This miscarriage now imposed a necessity upon him, which he had contemplated, indeed, but never looked fairly in the face; he had always hoped it might be evaded. The only alternative that presented itself was to give up his Harry; this swept across his mind for a single instant—a black shadow that seemed to plunge his whole being in night—then left it firmly set upon its perilous purpose.

He did not seek to see her before he left; he could not trust himself so far even as to turn his head and wave her a good-by, as he started from the inn-door, although he felt that she was watching him from an upper window. He was afraid of the anxiety that consumed him being visible to those loving eyes. She knew upon what errand he was going, but not the dangers of it. But he spoke cheerfully to Trevethick, who stood beneath the porch with moody brow, and testily found fault with horse and harness.

"The master's in a queer temper to-day, Sir," was the driver's remark, as they slowly climbed the hill out of the village.

"So it seems," answered Richard, absently.

The road they traveled was the same on which he had pursued Harry on that eventful night, now months ago; every object recalled her to him—the ruined tower on the promontory, the Fairies' Bower in the glen; but they suggested less of love than of the peril that, for love's sake, he was about to undergo. When they reached the point where he had met her first, on the margin of the moor, now bright with gorse and heather, and with its gray rocks sparkling in the sun, an overwhelming melancholy seized him. Was it possible that the omen which had alarmed her simple mind was really in the course of fulfillment? Was he, indeed, fated to be the cause of misfortune to her he loved so well? If evil should befall him, it was only too certain that it would include her in its consequences.

"You seem a cup too low, Mr. Yorke," said the driver, wondering at the young man's unusual silence; for his habit was to be brisk and lively with every body.

"We'll remedy that when we get to Turlock," answered Richard, good-naturedly, "by taking a glass of what you will together."

Accordingly, when they reached the little town, and while the post-horses were getting ready which were to take him on the next stage of his journey, Richard called for some liquor.

"Here's your good health, Sir," said the man, and added, in a roguish whisper, "and our young missus's too, Sir."

"By all means," said Richard, coolly. "But why couple hers with mine?"

"Well, Sir, it do come natural like, somehow," said the man, becoming suddenly stolid, on perceiving that his remark was by no means relished. "I suppose it's seeing you so much about together; but I meant no offense."

"I am sure of that," said Richard. It was on the tip of his tongue to pursue the subject, but he restrained himself. If he had already given occasion for gossip, he did not wish to provide fresh fuel for it in his absence from Gethin.

When a mile or two away from Turlock he produced the check which was the apparent cause of his irksome journey, and tearing it into minute fragments, scattered them out of the window.

Upon the second day he arrived at Plymouth, but too late for banking-hours, and drove to an hotel. He had had little to eat upon his journey, yet he now sent his dinner away almost untasted; on the other hand, though it was unusual with him to take much wine, he drank a bottle of Champagne and some sherry, then lit a cigar, and strolled out of doors. It was a beautiful evening; and he sauntered on the Hoe, gazing upon that glorious prospect of sea and shore which it affords, without paying regard to any thing, although all was as new as fair. His mind, however, took in every object mechanically, and often presented them to him again in after-years, just as it did that summer scene upon the ruined tower. Was it laying in provision for itself against the time, now drawing so nigh, when his physical eyes should have no more of such fair sights to feed upon? Or was the circumstance only such as attends all great changes and crises of our lives; for is not every feature of the face of Nature, upon the eve of any vital event, thus engraven on our recollection? Do we not note the daisies on the lawn forever, when for one instant we look out upon it from the darkened room wherein our loved one lies a-dying?

It presently grew too late for the ordinary signs and tokens of life; but Richard still paced to and fro, and gazed upon the darkening waters; he saw the light leap out upon them from the distant Eddystone, and from the craft in harbor, and from the houses that were built upon its margin: blue and red, and white and yellow.

There was one large vessel a great way off that he had not hitherto observed, but which now became conspicuous by its green light. Richard, vaguely interested in this exceptional beacon, inquired of a miserable-looking man, who had in vain been offering his services as c..e..one, what it signified.

"Well, Sir, them colors as the ships show all mean something different; the red is from the floating powder-magazine, and the yellow is—"

"I said the *green* light," broke in Richard, with his usual impatience of prolixity. "What is that vessel *there*, I say?"

"Oh, that's the convict ship, Sir; they say she is waiting until after the 'sizes, to take the drab-jackets to Portland."

Richard nodded, and threw the man a shilling; then walked hastily away into the town. The night was mild, but his teeth chattered, and he shook in every limb.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

One of the amusements at Long Branch is to watch the New Jersey mosquitoes open clams with their bills on the shore. Several of these useful little insects are being domesticated, and taught to punch rivet-holes in steam-boilers.

A use has at length been found for old hoop-skirts. No less than six are swaying from poles in one corn-field, not far from town, as scarecrows. "To what base uses may we come at last!"

An Irishman who was troubled with the toothache determined to have an old offender extracted, but there being no dentist near, he resolved to do the job himself; whereupon he filled the excavation with powder, but, being afraid to touch it off, he put a slow match to it, lit it, and then ran round the corner to get out of the way.

A Rochester man has issued a book of the names of men who don't pay their debts in that city. It contains so many names that it is frequently mistaken for, and used in the place of, a city directory.

"How," said Mr. Munsell to Mr. Yates, "do you accomplish so much in so short a time? Have you any particular plan?" "I have; I go and do it."

An honest Jonathan from the interior, on his first visit to the metropolis, was awakened one morning by hearing the cry of "Oyst! buy any oysters?" in the mellifluous tones of a vendor of the luscious shell-fish who was passing under the window of the hotel. A noise so new to him startled him, and he asked his room-mate what it meant. "It's only oysters," replied his fellow-lodger, pettishly. "Oysters!" exclaimed Jonathan, in astonishment; "and do oysters holler as loud as that?"

Some one asked a boy how it was he was so short of his age, when he replied, "Father keeps me so busy, I ha'n't time to grow."

An Irishman, having arrived in this country, struck across the fields in search of employment. While ascending a hill he suddenly came to a stand-still at the sight of a land-turtle slowly wending its way. Pat, never having seen the animal before, exclaimed: "Houly mither—the divil of a country is this, where the snuff-boxes walk up hill!"

It is said that the man who won't take a paper because he can borrow one has invented a machine with which he can cook his dinner by the smoke of his neighbor's chimney.

A gentleman paid a compliment to a beautiful German lady at Newport, by telling her she resembled the Prussian army. "How so?" she asked. "You are winning," was the reply.

A militia officer being told by a phrenologist that he had the organ of locality very large, innocently replied, "Very likely; I was fifteen years a colonel in the local militia."

A man with a scolding wife says he has less fears of the jaws of death than the jaws of life.

Why should young ladies never wear stays?—Because it is so horrid to see a girl "tight."

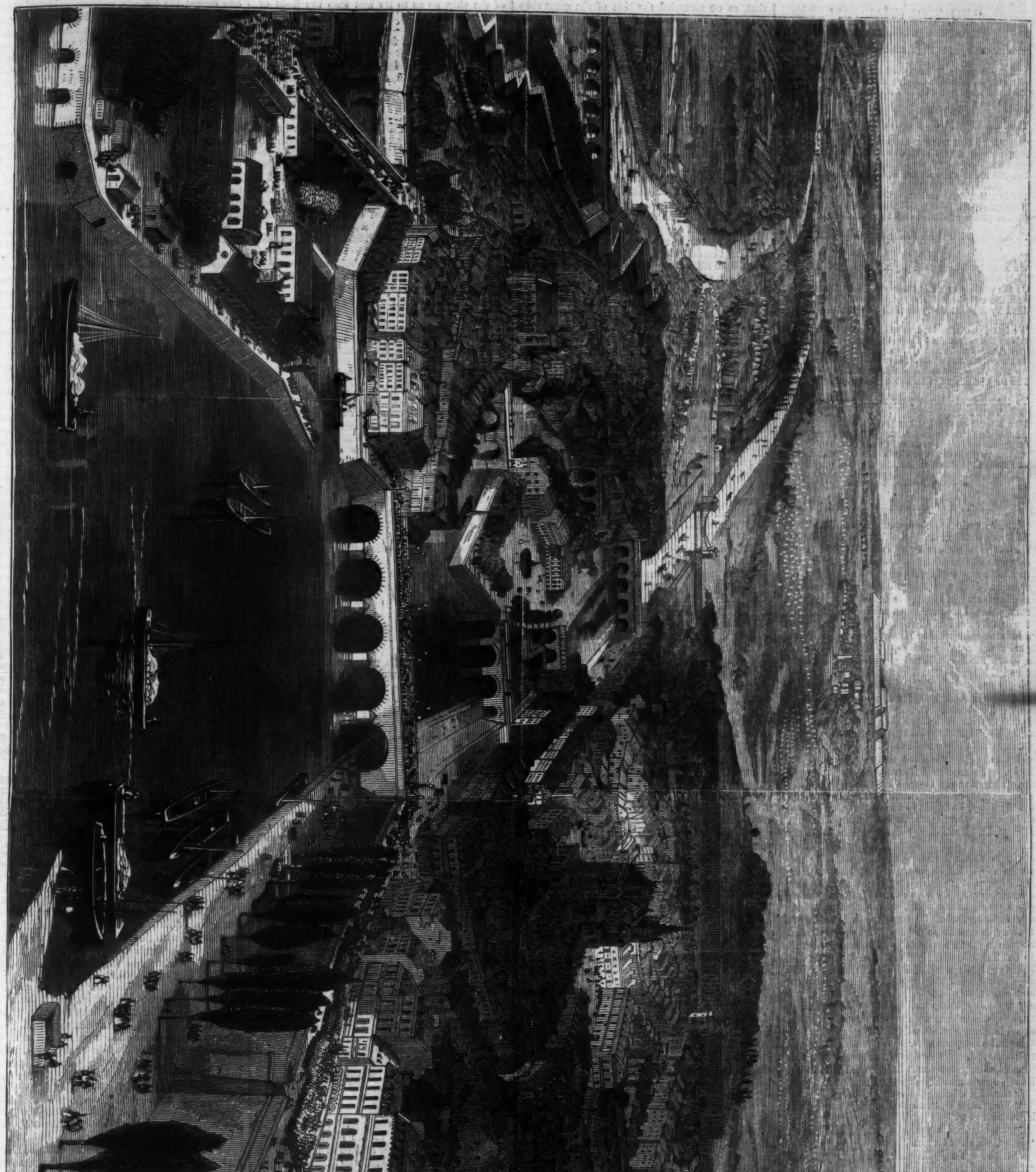
A Scotch paper tells the story of a farmer who, after the burial of his wife, drove a hard bargain with the grave-digger, who, bringing his hand down on the shovel, exclaimed, "Down wi' anither shillin', or up she comes!"

A Philadelphia woman refused to permit her husband to go on a fishing excursion, "because he was very apt to be drowned when he went upon the water, and, moreover, did not know how to swim any more than a goose."

House Decorations—Women.

"I see the villain in you face," said a Western judge to an Irish prisoner. "May it please your worship," replied the prisoner, "that must be a personal reflection."

PRUSSIAN INFANTRY CHARGE.—[See Poem on Page 634.]



VIEW OF METZ, WHERE MARSHAL BAZAINE'S ARMY IS BESIEGED.—[See Page 627.]

"TO THE CHARGE!"

[See Illustration on Page 632.]

"To the charge!" High the trumpet-blast rings on the air,
And the banners fly backward that bid us prepare.
Our swords will bite keenly; for surely we know
That the might of the Father-land strengthens the blow;
To the charge! and whoever is first in the fray,
The lilies of France are ensanguined to-day.

The Father-land bade us keep watch upon Rhine,
And we vowed that the wave should dead faces enshrine
Ere the foeman should triumph. The proud ripples gleam,
For it rolls for us still an inviolate stream:
While the print of our footsteps for aye shall remain
On the plains of Alsace and the fields of Lorraine.

To the charge! that the Frenchmen may quail as they feel
The soul of the German is true as his steel;
We shall hurl back their legions, though blood runs like rain
On the vine-covered hill-sides of pleasant Champagne;
And the twin-headed Eagle, with menacing glance,
Shall fly o'er the fields of their beautiful France!

We left those who love us afar 'neath the sky,
Where the foeman had boasted his banners should fly;
The robbers had counted and portioned the spoil,
But their footsteps have never polluted our soil;
No tricolor waves in the Rhineland to-day—
The imperial eagle is balked of its prey!

To the charge! Dress your ranks and stand firm. Then away,
Like a wave of the Baltic snow-crested with spray;
As the thunder-bolt strikes at the heart of the oak,
Charge down on the foe till he reels from the stroke;
And when the stern work of the battle is done—
Lo! from Elbe down to Danube our Germany's one!

SAVED FROM DEATH.

CLIVE and I were engaged to be married, and had been so about three months. We had known each other a great many years, and he often came down to the rectory, till one day, in a very unromantic manner, he asked me if I would be his wife; and though there had been none of the sighings and jealousies and heart-burnings we read about, I knew that, in my foolish little way, I was very fond of Clive; and feeling how good and true-hearted and strong he was, and how glad I ought to be that he would stoop to such a poor little insignificant girl as I was, I looked up in his brave, handsome face, which I could hardly see for the tears swimming in my eyes, and then I said, Yes, I would; and then for a while I was clasped close to his breast, and it seemed to me that there could be no more care or trouble in this world, and all that I had to do was to nestle there to be safe from all life-storms to come. He kissed me then, gently and lovingly, and somehow I felt very happy—so happy that when my uncle, who had brought me up from a child, came into the room I did not flinch hastily away, but went to him quietly, and clung to his arm, while Clive, in his bold, open way, said, "Mr. Grace, Mary has promised to be my wife."

Uncle shook hands with him warmly, and patted my cheek as he drew me closer to him, and after that matters went on in a very quiet, unexciting way for three months, Clive coming down on Saturday night, and staying till Monday morning, when he returned to his office in the city, and in those days we used quietly to talk about the future: how in years to come we were to be married, and how we were to plan and contrive about our little income, taking a cottage somewhere six or eight miles from town, and living very sparingly, because Clive's salary was any thing but high. Our planning, though, was needless; for one day Clive came down in great haste, and I could see by his face that he had important news to communicate, and so it proved. He had been asked by his employers, a large merchant firm, whether he would like to accept another appointment.

"But is it advantageous?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, in a quiet, strange way; "six hundred a year."

"Six hundred a year, Clive!" I exclaimed. "Why, we shall be rich!"

"Rich? Yes," he said, taking my hand; "but there is a drawback."

"A drawback?"

"Yes, I must sign an agreement to serve them for six years certain."

"Well," I said, "but is not that advantageous?"

"Perhaps," he said, looking very hard in my eyes as he spoke. "But I have not told you where it is."

"Not abroad, Clive!" I exclaimed, as a sudden pang shot through me.

"Yes, love, abroad—in Java—at a Dutch station."

"But you can not accept it, Clive—six years—you will not leave me?" Then I checked myself, as I thought of my selfishness, and it struck me that I was going to be a stumbling-block in his path when fortune was within his grasp.

"Do you wish me to give it up, Mary?" he said.

"Yes—no, no, Clive. I am selfish!" I exclaimed. "You must not throw it up—it would be destroying your future prospects. It seems hard to bear—hard to wait for six years; but we must be patient."

I could say no more, for the tears I had striven to keep back would come; but the next moment he held me sobbing in his arms as he whispered, "Is there no other way of getting over the difficulty, darling!"

I looked up in his face, for, for a few moments, I did not see what he meant; but the next minute I was clinging to him, weeping silently. And so it fell out that at eighteen I was my dear husband's girlish little wife, so girlish, that, as we ascended the side of the great ship *Batavian* at Gravesend, I saw the sailors whispering to one another, and I felt my cheeks burn, because I knew that they were saying I was such a mere child. For it was all like a dream—that hurried wedding, and the hasty preparation for our voyage. My uncle had said that it would be suicidal for Clive to give up so good an appointment, and, though he felt it bitterly, he considered with Clive that six years was too long a separation. "Had it been three," he said, "he would have considered it our duty to wait;" but as it was for the longer period, he yielded easily to Clive's solicitations; and in one short fortnight all was settled; farewells had been said; and the great ship was slowly sailing down the ever-widening river.

It seemed so strange, so wonderful, that it required at times the reassuring touch of Clive's hand to make me realize the fact that we were bidding farewell to the old country. But so it was; and though my heart was sore at parting from my uncle, yet that sorrow was mingled with so much happiness that I fear I did not think enough of his pain.

The days glided by, even as the great ship glided past the shores of the old country, and soon we had seen the last of the great rock-point which they told me was the Lizard, and we were far at sea.

Had I been a queen, I could not have had more attention paid to me; the captain, mates, and even the humblest sailor, always had a smile for me; and as we reached in time the hotter regions, there was always a summons, and the best place reserved for poor little me, whenever flying-fish, or dolphins, or a shark was in sight.

The days grew into weeks, and with almost invariably pleasant weather, the ship sailed on. There seemed no danger—nothing to apprehend; and as I sat with the soft breeze fanning my cheeks, all the perils of the sea of which I had read seemed so distant and impossible that I could hardly believe the gentle rippling waves, and the soft cloud-flecked sky, could possibly be guilty of the cruelties of which we hear.

At last, though, came a cloud, and that cloud seemed to settle upon my husband's brow. I asked him the reason, and he unwillingly told me that it was on account of the vessel.

It was upon one soft tropical evening that I elicited that response from him; and as he spoke he drew me closer to him as we leaned over the side, looking down at the glittering starlight reflected from the dark bosom of the sea.

"Are you keeping any thing from me, Clive?" I said, gently. "Am I not to share the trouble as well as the happiness of life?"

"Trouble, little one," he said—"trouble ought never to come near you."

"But I should not be happy if I felt that I did not share all, Clive. By keeping me in ignorance you would be inflicting the very trouble from which you would screen me."

"Beaten with my own weapons," he said, lightly, and then, in an under-tone: "I am uneasy, darling, about the vessel."

"But why?" I said. "What is there to make you uneasy?"

"Look along the deck, and tell me what you see."

"What do I see? The man at the steering-wheel, the men of the watch, and the four men pumping."

Clive was silent.

"What makes you uneasy, then?" I asked, after a while.

"Darling," he said, "if you had not asked me, I should not have told you; but I can not bring myself to seem wanting in confidence. Have you not noticed any change in Captain Webster and Mr. Green?"

"They have seemed a little more cheerful and merry than usual," I said.

"In the cabin—yes; but when on deck, it has not been so. Mary, darling, I fear there is trouble at hand; those four men pumping looks ominous."

"Ominous!"

"Yes, love. Three days ago one man was employed pumping; the next day two men were at work at once, and they were relieved again and again; yesterday, four men were pumping all day till evening, to-day, it was commenced at daybreak, and orders have, I know, been given that it is to be kept up all night."

"And what does that mean?" I asked, though I felt that I knew what the answer would be.

"It means, love, that we are a thousand miles from any land, and that the ship has sprung a leak."

I was only a weak girl then, and very young, so that perhaps my emotion may be excused; for I felt a strange catching of my breath, and a sense of dread stealing over me; but I tried hard to master it all, and I don't think my voice shook as I laid my hands on Clive's breast, and said: "Dear husband, we are in the hands of the Almighty; let us hope that in our weakness we are magnifying the peril."

He caught my hands in his, and held me at arms'-length for a few moments, gazing down in my eyes. "And I've been thinking you a timid little girl, Mary!" he exclaimed, at length. "God bless you! Yours is indeed a brave little heart."

We were interrupted by a little display of excitement forward, and in the dim light we could see that the captain and both the mates were there. Orders were hurriedly given, and soon there was the clanking noise of another pump hard at work, with the plashing of the water as it streamed down over the side. Lanterns were busily moving about, now on deck, now disappearing below. Then I heard calls for the carpenter, and the captain giving loud orders; and soon after there was a good deal of bustle close to the ship's bows; and Clive explained to me that they were drawing a sail under the bottom of the ship, so as to try and stop the flood of water, for it was evident that the danger was growing greater.

All through that long dark night we staid on deck, listening to the clanking noise of the pumps, and the rippling plash of the water as it ran over the side; but when morning broke it was evident that the danger was not lessened. The captain looked pale and anxious, and there was a sullen discontented look about the men, who could only with difficulty be prevailed upon to keep to their work of pumping. About midday they broke out into open mutiny, and refused to pump any longer; for the carpenter, having been sent below, came up with so bad a report that the men left their work directly, and, in spite of commands, and even threats, they set their officers at defiance, and began to make preparations for leaving the ship.

"Look here, Cap'n Webster," said an old bluff-looking sailor; "we're ready enough to obey, only it ain't no good to stop here, with the ship sinking under us. The murder's out now, and what's the good of fighting agin' it? She's started a plank, that's what she's done; and all the pumps, and twice as many more, could not keep the water under."

"John Jackson," said the captain, "you're the last man I should have thought would turn against your captain."

"So I am, cap'n—hang me if I ain't," said the man. "It's no good, lads; I'm under orders again; who's coming on my side?"

Three more men came out of the little group, and followed the bluff old sailor to where the captain and the mates were standing in front of us; but the rest of the crew went on stolidly placing water and provisions in a couple of the boats, and at last launched them, and were about to push off without a word when Captain Webster threw them in a compass and gave them directions which course to steer.

Five minutes after they were rowing swiftly away, when for the first time Clive spoke: "Is there no chance of saving the vessel, Captain Webster?"

"No, Sir," was the reply; "not the slightest. In two hours she will have gone down."

I shivered as I heard these words; but I tried to smile as Clive glanced round at me; and then, for the next hour, busy preparations for leaving the vessel were carried on.

The boat left was large and roomy; and upon its being launched, sails, masts, and cordage were placed inside, with quite a heavy store of water and provisions, every man working hard; and though they smiled at my efforts, I ran backward and forward from the cabin carrying necessaries for our use.

But at last all was declared to be in readiness, and I was lowered over the side, Clive quickly taking his place with me in the boat, where there were already the four sailors; then came the two mates, and lastly the captain.

"You bear witness, gentlemen," he said, "that I left nothing undone, and that it was not until every effort had failed that I left my ship." He would have said more, but something which caught his eye made him shout to the men to seize their oars; and then, all together, they rowed hard away from the ship's side.

At first I did not know why this was done, but I soon saw that it was to avoid the vortex which the sinking vessel would cause; for, before five minutes had elapsed, the great ship began to roll slowly from side to side; and then, in spite of myself, I uttered a cry as it gave a plunge forward, and seemed to dive down out of sight, leaving us alone upon the surface of the great waters.

The night came on and passed slowly away, affecting us all with a deep feeling of awe as we thought of the frail defense we had against death. To us the vast ocean, heaving so slowly and regularly beneath, seemed then like the threshold of eternity; and I know that I trembled as I clung to poor Clive's arm, in spite of his encouraging words. But very little was said that night; and I know that no one slept; but we all sat watching and longing for the morning.

At another time I could have remained rapt with wonder and joy at the glorious sunrise, which flooded the whole surface of the sea with orange and gold; but there was the sense of the great solitude oppressing me always, while around me were the pale haggard faces of men who knew the perilous strait in which we lay. As the morning broke, though, the captain rose up in the bows, and stood looking around in every direction to try if he could make out where the other boats were, but, though he tried again and again, he could see nothing; and we felt that we were alone. It was not a time for repining, however, and every man set busily to work, arranging such things as we had in the boat; then a little mast was set up, and a sail hoisted, which the soft breeze gently filled; and the boat began to go lightly over the swell. After a short consultation the captain determined to sail for the island of Amsterdam, a tiny speck in mid-ocean, but a place that might prove to us a haven of refuge till a passing vessel could take us off; for, though at the present time the sea and sky were serene and bright, we did not know how soon a storm might arise to engulf our little frail boat.

One—two—three days we sailed on; and then came a change—a fierce wind blowing from the very direction in which our island lay. First, the sky grew black with clouds, while the sea became white and foaming, the waves each moment curling up more and more fiercely, till they beat against the sides and splashed over. The boat's course was altered, the sail lowered all but a tiny portion, and then the little vessel began to ride swiftly over the waves, now leaping up a great hill of water, hanging balanced on the foamy ridge, and then plunging and gliding down into a depth from which it seemed impossible that we could ever rise. Then came a time when every one except the captain, who sat pale and stern, steering the boat, began to bale out the water which constantly dashed over the sides. Even I would have helped, but every one smiled, and tried to make the part of the boat I was in more comfortable by putting up a portion of the sail, so as to screen me from the spray, which was now icily cold.

It might be thought that in such a time of trouble men would have been moved by selfish thoughts; but it was not so, for again and again it seemed to me that I was made the first consideration. When biscuit and water, or wine, were passed round, I received always the first share; and all through that wild and fearful time even the roughest sailor there was ready to show me respect, and try to do some little act to prove his willingness to serve me.

For a whole week we were borne along through that great chaos of troubled waters, each moment expecting some huge wave to engulf us; and then slowly the tempest began to abate. First, the wind went down, and then by slow degrees the waves—so slowly, though, that losing care, now that the peril was supposed to be less great, one of the sailors, who was steering, allowed a wave to wash right in, deluging the boat from end to end, so that it seemed about to sink, and I clung to Clive, feeling that our last hour had come.

The confusion caused by this sudden danger made matters worse; and two of the men plunged overboard with an oar each, to keep themselves afloat, for they felt that the boat was going down. But a few words from Captain Webster restored confidence; and, in spite of fatigue, the water was attacked, so that each moment the vessel rose higher, and at last was entirely free once more.

It was two days, though, before the sun once again shone out to cheer our disconsolate state—disconsolate, indeed; for, in the time of peril the little water-casks had been washed or thrown out, while the greater part of our provision had floated away, at a time when every thought had been devoted toward keeping afloat. The biscuit was saturated, and we were all cold and numbed with being so long shivering in the water. It almost seemed to chill our very hearts, when, upon examination being made of each bag and case of provision, they were, without exception, found to have been destroyed by exposure.

"Looking will not mend it, my lads," said the captain, bravely. "Let us be hopeful, and fight through it all as well as we can. Never despair; and recollect that we have a charge here to save as well as ourselves."

He pointed to me as he spoke, and the men gave a faint cheer, as, in accordance with his orders, the sail was once more well hoisted, the boat trimmed, and we were once more skimming over the sea.

Night, morning—night, morning, succeeding each other for I don't know how many strange and misty days of horror, with a gnawing pain of hunger tormenting us, and the pains of thirst becoming hourly more and more unbearable. Captain Webster held up bravely, and encouraged us all; but we could only see that we were sailing on to our death—a death of torment, with the burning sun above us, and the mocking water around, ever tantalizing, and, as it were, asking us to drink, as it lapped musically against the frail sides, foaming, sparkling, and pure. But the captain's advice was not always taken; and though, with a faint smile upon his lip, Mr. Green, the first-mate, owned to his weakness, he persisted, during one frantic fit of agony, in drinking desperately the draft that should hasten his end; for soon he grew delirious, starting as if spoken to, then leaping up, and wanting to alter the direction of the boat's head; while, when a couple of the sailors tried to restrain him, their weakness was such that he thrust them aside, and they sank back in their places, helplessly gazing at him as he climbed over the boat's thwarts, pushed the rope which held the sail aside, and muttering angrily, trampled upon me as he made at the captain who was steering. Clive tried to stay him; and, in spite of my effort to restrain it, I uttered a loud scream, for the poor creature seemed to catch his foot in my dress; and, before we were aware of it, he made a lurch sideways, and fell heavily into the water.

For a few moments we were all petrified; but the captain altered the boat's course, and ran back to the spot where the mate had disappeared; but though we ran to and fro for some time, and every eye was gazing intently upon the limpid water, we saw no more of the poor mate; and for the rest of that evening I sat with my head bowed down upon my knees, praying that help might come.

The silence that reigned on board that little boat was almost startling; but it was engendered of despair, and when in the pale moonlight I looked up again, it was to have that despair which was in my breast augmented by the fixed stare in poor Clive's eyes.

I did not know it then, but I learned it afterward, that my share of the food and water had been daily augmented by the half of his, and now it seemed that he was dying, and that I was to lose my sole protector. I flung myself frantically at his feet, and tried to speak; but my mouth was parched and dry. I looked round for help, but it was only to gaze upon four impassive, stony figures, whose fixed and heavy eyes responded not to my appeal. There was a smile, though, upon poor Clive's face as he felt my arms clasp him, and slipping from his seat, lower and lower, he sat at last in the bottom of the boat with his head resting upon my breast, while the sigh of content that he gave sent a shudder through me, for my heart whispered that it was his last.

"Throw some water in his face—moisten his hair," whispered a harsh voice, which I did not recognize as the captain's; but I tried to obey it,

and bathed my husband's forehead, though apparently without effect, for he lay motionless, his arms lightly circling me, and his eyes half closed; and then it was that, with my bodily power momentarily growing weaker, my mental faculties seemed to become more active, and my tears fell fast, as I thought how hard it was for him, so young and brave, to die thus early. At times I asked myself whether I was to blame—whether I ought not to have dissuaded him from accepting this post—to have been content with less brilliant prospects at home. I felt that it was for my sake he had accepted it, and this was to be the end!

That long, long night passed; and with the rising sun I gazed upon Clive's face to find it still and placid as if in sleep. The captain, who was the only man who moved, seemed to me—for all I saw was in a dreamy, misty way—to secure the rudder, and then crawl forward, when he pressed a scrap of biscuit into my hand, and from a bottle would have poured a few drops between my lips, when one of the sailors snatched at it. There was a moment's struggle, and the precious liquid fell over the side, the sailor making a dash at it, and falling half over the boat's edge, to lie with his face in the water, too weak to struggle back till the captain and the stout old sailor dragged him in; but the bottle was gone.

A time of bright golden mist, with a red-hot globe seeming to scorch my head, and a time of dense black darkness, the one mingling with and running into the other. Then pleasant visions of green fields and bubbling streams, with delicious melting fruits hanging over the bright glistening waters. Then the old days, with Clive half supporting me as we wandered in the pleasant lanes, talking of the happy future. Then, again, the golden glowing haze, and the burning heat, the muttering of voices, the soft fluttering of the sail; and then once more the black darkness, mingled now with the hissing as of mighty winds; and then it seemed as if my head sank upon my husband's neck, and that I went to sleep.

And it was so; but was almost the long sleep of death; and so near had been the end that it was not until after days of unremitting attention that reason returned, and I found that I was lying in a cot in a dimly shaded cabin. For a long time I could not realize the past—could not understand where I was. There was the heaving motion of a vessel, the "wash-wash" of the water hurrying by, and occasionally a heavy footstep upon the deck overhead. But at last came a sigh, apparently close at hand, followed by a rustling noise; and turning my curious eyes in the direction, it was for them to encounter my husband's face, but so care-worn, pallid, and anxious as to be almost unrecognizable. The next moment my feeble arms were round his neck, and the tears of thankfulness were flowing, for I knew that we were saved.

Saved, indeed; but how near had been our end may be divined when I relate that the merchantman which picked us up passed us in the night; but the white sail of our boat attracted the attention of a sailor; and upon the vessel's course being changed, the impression at first was that the duty to be performed was to afford Christian burial—a rite, indeed, needed by the three sailors; Captain Webster and the second-mate being the only other survivors.

A month later, weak, and the shadows of our former selves, we were landed at Madras, the destination of the vessel which had picked us up; and soon after, but with many a shiver of dread, we re-embarked, to reach Java in safety. It was not for many months that I recovered from a strange nervous depression, whose effect was constantly to bring before me, in all the vividness of reality, those terrible hours when all seemed shrouded in a golden haze, whose scorching heat burned and wasted the life within me. But by degrees came restored health and the calmness of strengthened nerves. We learned afterward that the two boats with the crew were also picked up, after many days of fearful suffering, similar to that which marked with indelible lines the forehead of my husband—a glance at which at any time is sufficient to bring back to memory our fearful peril, and the manner in which we were saved from death.

DRILLING CITIZENS IN PARIS.

As soon as it became evident that the regular armies in the field were unable to withstand the Prussian advance on the French capital, the citizens of Paris and the neighboring country, belonging to the National Guard, were called out for organization and drill. They responded with enthusiasm. The sketch which we give on page 628 shows several companies of these volunteers drilling in La Place Napoleon III., under the instruction of regular officers. Their appearance, scarcely any two being dressed entirely alike, will remind many of our readers of the "training days" which, a few years ago, used to be the wonder and delight of our rural population. No doubt these men, who would stand a poor chance in the field against the veterans of Prussia, will make a brave and stubborn defense behind the ramparts of Paris.

DEFENSE OF HAMBURG.

TAKING a lesson from our own war, the Germans, at the outbreak of hostilities with France, prepared to defend their important rivers and harbors against the operations of the enemy's fleet by means of torpedoes and sunken ships. The illustration on page 628 shows a fleet of old hulls prepared to be sunk for this purpose at the entrance to the harbor of Hamburg, the most important German sea-port, on which it was supposed the French would make an immediate and vigorous attack. The inexplicable inactivity of the French fleet rendered these precautions unnecessary.

INCREDIBLY HOT.

A LEARNED wight, two centuries ago, addressing the most erudite of bodies in London upon the arrangement of the universe, commenced his arguments with this axiom: "We all know that hell is in the centre of the earth." The good man must have been over-true to the teaching of his childhood. Philosophy had not made him unfaithful. He accepted the extravagant idea that Gehenna is a region of fire, and assuming that the centre of the earth is in a molten, fiery condition, he made a self-satisfying fact out of two assumptions. We have all heard of a sect who locate Hades in the sun; perhaps for the reason that the heat seems more intense there than it can be in the middle of our globe. Impossible as it may appear, some notion of the actual heat of the solar globe has been arrived at; and with a greater probability of correctness than can be granted to the corresponding datum for the centre of the earth. Men have gone down pits and mines with thermometers, and found that the heat increases at a certain rate; they have assumed that this rate is constant, and thus have arrived at a probable figure for the temperature of the earth's fiery heart. But this comes out thus so enormous that one can not believe it. Four hundred thousand degrees on the Fahrenheit thermometer is rather too great a warmth to be coolly accepted. It is three times as hot as the sun, according to the determination just alluded to, which finds that the solar furnace would raise a thermometer—could one be applied—to 123,000 degrees. Mind, this is not a guess; it is a deduction from the facts that certain gas flames are blazing under certain conditions in the sun, and that the temperatures at which these gases flame under similar conditions upon the earth are known or are calculable. The figure is approximately, if not absolutely, correct; no doubt it is far nearer the truth than the conjectural earth-centre heat. A long mathematical and physical investigation was required to find the sun-heat, the credit for making which is due to one Zöllner, an Austrian astronomer of high repute.

THE REALITIES OF WAR.

ONE of the strangest incidents of a battle is the indifference, for the time being, of the fighting men to the wounded. The army regulations forbid any attention to the latter during the fighting, declaring that the highest duty and most pressing emergency is to win the battle, by which only can the proper treatment of the wounded be secured. This injunction is obeyed quite as often from inclination as from a sense of duty, I think; certainly, the ruling idea of a soldier in a battle is to kill the enemy. There is no spirit within him then but that of slaughter. Put an arrant coward in the line, and compel him to stay there, and instinct—if nothing higher—will tell him to take a musket and retaliate upon the men who are trying to slay him.

No more truthful words were ever spoken of a soldier than those of the Duke of Wellington, who remarked of an officer who was leading a line into action, "He is a brave man." "I should say," said an aid, "from his deathly white face, that he is a coward." "He is a brave man," repeated the Duke, with emphasis. "He realizes his danger, and firmly accepts it. Such a man will always do his whole duty."

This, I think, is the whole theory of bravery in battle—a stern, heroic endurance of dreadful danger from a conviction of duty. True, there are soldiers of fortune and rattle-brained madcaps, who claim to love fighting for its own sake, and who go through a battle as they would through a steeple-chase; but this is a kind of frenzy which is not moral courage, and which is only just nearer to bravery than the inspiration of opium or liquor.

"You are afraid," said one officer jeeringly to another at the opening of a battle. "Yes," was the ready answer; "and if you were half as frightened as I, you would have run long ago."

The sights and sounds of a battle are well-nigh indescribable. Noise, tumult, danger, excitement, all blend together to make a scene which can have no parallel on the hither side of the infernal regions. During his first battle, perhaps the novelty of the thing may fill the recruit with genuine enthusiasm, and put fear in the back-ground; but after that he will find the poetry of the battle-field somewhat overdone in "Hohenlinden," and fighting itself rather a prosaic and dangerous butchery. There is nothing less like a pageant, I verily believe, than a battle. The arms are not polished and shiny now, for the dew of last night's bivouac in the grass has tarnished them; brilliant uniforms have disappeared; belts are loosened, or, in the fury of the fight, are thrown aside altogether; shoulder-straps and epaulets are discarded, out of wholesome regard for the enemy's sharp-shooters; and after the fight has progressed an hour you will find those who are still fighting dirty, grimy, and laboring to kill the enemy with about as hard manual labor as a navvy is used to:

"And like smiths at their forges
Labored the red St. George's cannoneers."

An army the day after a fight is like a ship that has passed through a tornado and barely escaped wreck—shattered, crippled, and almost powerless. Next to a defeat, there is nothing so prostrating to an army as a victory. A few score men around a torn and ragged flag will represent a regiment; brigades have dwindled to regiments, and divisions to brigades. Some are killed, many wounded, and many more have straggled or become temporarily mingled with other commands. If every man brought into a battle actually remained under orders until the victory was won, or until he was killed, wounded, or forced from the ground by pressure of numbers, the problem of battles would be much harder of solution than it is. Experience has shown that even the most efficient and best disciplined regiments generally contain a modicum of poor fighters, who may be divided into three classes: first, the skulker, who is certain to leave the field at the first instant he can withdraw himself from the eye of his officer or file-closer; second, the straggler, who will fight till the battle grows hot and the danger thickens, and then make for the rear, thinking he has quite done his part; and third, the benevolent coward, who will not fight if he can help it, but is anxious to save appearances, and so exerts himself to help the wounded off the field, and forgets to return. For the deficit in strength caused by such as these the officer relies upon the fidelity and valor of the good soldier, who never deserts his colors, and who will endure the pangs of hunger and fatigue that he may be on the line with his regiment when the hour of trial arrives.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE famous Bois de Boulogne, which has been destroyed by the Council of War at Paris, as a defensive measure, is situated about two miles north of the city, opposite to St. Cloud, and on a peninsula formed by a bend of the river Seine. In old times it was a favorite hunting-ground of the French kings; but in 1852 it was purchased by the municipality of Paris, and converted into a magnificent park. Two millions of francs were expended in making two artificial lakes and islands, and in raising the hill "Mortemart." Since that time every improvement and embellishment which taste could suggest and money accomplish have been added to a spot most charming by nature. The park is four miles long by two wide. A fine carriage road winds around the lakes, for a distance of about five miles—a delightful drive, upon which the most magnificent equipages of the French capital have been daily seen. The Hippodrome de Longchamps, one of the finest race-courses in Europe, is included in the Bois de Boulogne, and contains about one hundred and fifty acres. The whole park now contains over two thousand acres, and the total cost of it has been more than fourteen millions of francs.

The mystery connected with the murder of Mr. Nathan seems likely to remain a mystery forever. The coroner's jury charged with the investigation of this most singular case recently met together, and formally rendered a verdict of death from wounds inflicted by an instrument known as a "dog," in the hands of "some person or persons unknown." So the inquest has ended, and this black horror continues to loom up a fearful mystery which never may be unraveled.

To the American edition of the novels of George Sand, published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, has just been added the translation of "M. Sylvestre," forming the third volume of this handsome and attractive series. The translator, Mr. Francis George Shaw, has executed his difficult task with singular ability, and has produced a version which has all the ease and freedom of original writing.

The fish of Holland is asserted to be noticeably superior in quality to that found in most countries. The Dutch account for this by saying that they take pains to kill the fish as soon as they are taken from the water, while the common practice is to let them struggle and gasp till life is extinct. By killing them at once the flesh does not soften, but retains its compactness, and possesses a superior flavor to those that die in the usual way. The method of killing is to take a sharp knife and make a longitudinal slit under the tail, an operation quickly performed, and effective in preventing that flabbiness common to fish suffered to struggle and die by exhaustion.

The bequest, recently made public, of a fund of $1,400,000 for the endowment of a college for women, in Boston, gives interest to some particulars relative to the life of the donor, the late John Simmons. Mr. Simmons was a successful and wealthy merchant of Boston. He commenced business in that city in his sixteenth year, in association with his brother Cornelius. Five years later he commenced business alone; and was regarded as the pioneer of the "one-price system," as applied to the clothing business, in Boston. Before many years, his business having largely increased, he erected and removed to the building known as Simmons's Block, situated at the corner of Congress and Water streets. By 1854 his clothing business had accumulated for him a large fortune, and he withdrew from trade and devoted himself to real estate operations. He erected, in various localities, and also several fine houses. He also invested largely in "Back Bay" lands, which eventually became very valuable. In his business habits Mr. Simmons was careful and energetic. He was pleasant and genial in disposition, and his charities were many, although, from his reserved and unostentatious nature, little was publicly known of them. In all respects a straightforward and scrupulously just man in his transactions, he filled no place in the public eye during life, and only in his death has his name become familiar.

The property given is estimated at present at $1,300,000 or $1,400,000. By the will it is to be accumulated to $1,900,000, when it is to be devoted to the erection and support of the "Simmons Female College," an institution "for the purpose of teaching medicine, music, drawing, designing, telegraphy, and other branches of art, science, and industry best calculated to enable women to acquire an independent livelihood."

A young lady living in one of our suburban cities happened, one day, in passing a barber's shop, to see her intended husband sitting with closed eyes, and a man fanning him. Thinking he must have been taken suddenly ill, she rushed in to his assistance. She was chagrined to find he was only having his mustache dyed. But she got some of the dye stuff on her cheek, which so disgusted her that she broke off the engagement.

According to the latest computations, there are probably about seventy-five thousand Chinese on the Pacific coast. Of these, not far from thirty thousand are engaged in working the mines.

The Samson of the South lives in Calhoun County, Mississippi. He is about thirty-five years old, and weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds. He has been known to carry three bars of railroad iron, when it takes from three to five ordinary men to carry one. He can take a cask containing forty gallons of whisky or water and raise it from the ground and drink out of the bung-hole with as much ease as others could out of a common pitcher; and he has frequently taken a barrel of flour under each arm, and balancing a sack of salt on his head, carried them for several hundred yards with apparently little effort.

Joseph Strauss, the celebrated composer, recently died. His body was laid out in state in his house in Vienna. The coffin was covered with wreaths of flowers, and on the right, on a velvet cushion, was placed the Hanoverian Order of Ernest Augustus, and the violin of the dead musician, with the strings broken. Beside it lay the bow, covered with crape. The violin is the same one upon which he played for years to so many thousands of delighted listeners, and was placed in his grave. He was the composer of over 300 musical works, and leaves some 200 "arrangements."

The Royal Scientific Institute has awarded a gold medal to Signor Guattari, in recognition of what it considers an important invention. This is an atmospheric telegraph, in which compressed air performs what is done in ordinary telegraphs by an electric battery. By an ingenious system of tubes and stop-cocks currents of air are created, which set in motion a lever connected with the writing apparatus. The machinery is very simple, and unaffected by atmospheric changes. Successful experiments have been made with it.

A certain judge living in the vicinity of Portland, Oregon, having had a load of wood brought into his door-yard, a Chinese wood-sawyer applied for the job of sawing it. "How muchee?" asked the judge. "Hap dollar," replied John. A bargain was about to be struck, when an Irish-American citizen demanded the job. "How much?" again asked the judge. "A dollar and a half," replied the American citizen. The judge demurred, replying that the Chinaman had just offered to do the same work for half a dollar. "However," he said, "as I prefer to encourage white American labor, I will pay you a dollar and a half." The judge returned some hours afterward, and, to his surprise, found the Chinaman, and not the white man, at work upon his wood-pile. "How's this, how's this?" said his Honor; "who told you to saw my wood?" "Melican man," said John. "How muchee he pay?" queried the judge. "Hap dollar," said John. The judge accepted this lesson on cheap Asiatic labor.

Indiana papers relate a wonderful tale of a "spirit child," a little girl, apparently five years old, who attends a lady of Fredonia wherever she goes. The little creature has been seen by many persons, and attempts have been made to capture the mystery, but it always, when approached for this purpose, becomes invisible! Only once has it ever been seen elsewhere than following the lady alluded to. This lady, having been followed by the little phantom for about ten years, has become quite accustomed to it, and exhibits no alarm at its appearance.

A very skillful engineering operation was recently performed under the charge of the Department of Public Works in this city. In consequence of a change of grade in Fifth Avenue, between Sixty-eighth and Seventy-second streets, the two large iron pipes which supply the city below Central Park with Croton water were uncovered; and it was necessary to lower them about four feet, to protect them from frost and other injuries. It was considered important to prevent any interruption to the flow of the Croton—a difficult task, the pipes being laid in a trench cut through solid rock. Before they could be moved an inch one side of the trench had to be blasted and removed with the utmost precaution. A temporary bed, eight to ten feet wide, was prepared, and the Croton mains, each three feet in diameter, and about 1000 feet in length, were slipped sideways on wooden blocks. This was done with great care, so as not to disturb any of the joints. The magnitude of this task may be inferred from the fact that the weight of every foot of pipe, including the water contained therein, was about 1500 pounds. A trench, twelve feet wide and of proper depth, was then excavated through the solid rock along the centre of the avenue, and the pipes lowered into it, without disturbing the flow of water.

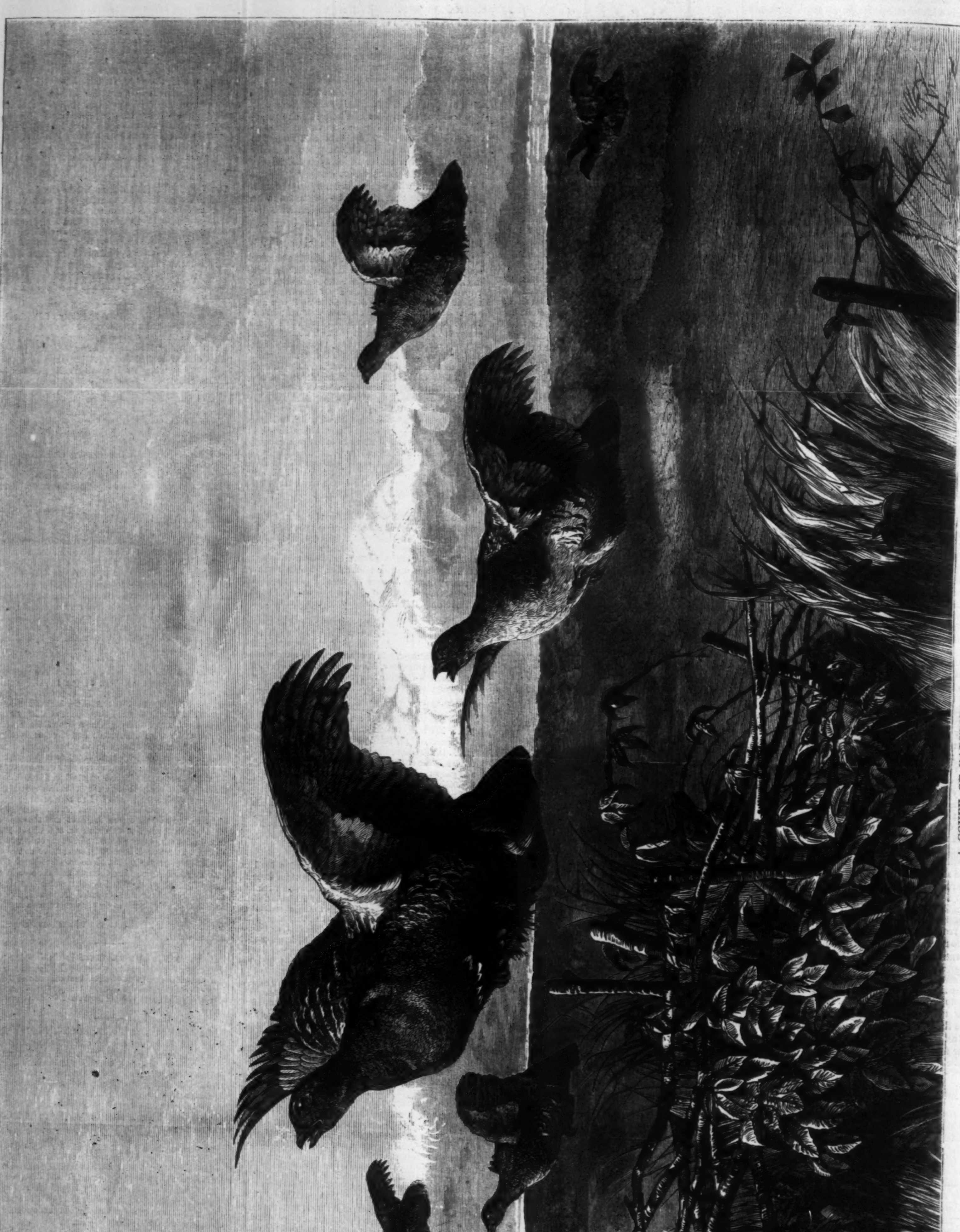
Instances have been mentioned in the German papers of six or seven brothers serving simultaneously in the present war. In 1866 eight brothers of the Treskow-Radojewo family fought under the Prussian standard; and now nine of them are in the German army.

Many improvements have been made within a few years past in appliances for extinguishing fire. A new invention, by which carbonic acid gas is ejected into a burning building, thereby immediately extinguishing the fire, promises, if successful, to surpass all other methods. A company has been organized in Brooklyn who propose to construct a reservoir and lay down pipes for conveying the gas to any fire. It is also reported that a similar company is to be formed in New York.

The entire altitude of the Lincoln Monument lately erected on the southwest corner of Union Square is twenty-three feet. The statue is of bronze, representing Mr. Lincoln in modern costume, and was designed by Mr. Browne, the sculptor of the equestrian statue of Washington on the southeast corner of the Square. The monument was ordered by the Union League Club, and was cast in Philadelphia.

Indiana manages to get up most extraordinary mysteries. The latest sensation is reported from a place in one of the interior counties of that State, where a new house, occupied by a respectable family, is a constant target for stones hurled at it by unseen hands. The stones are thrown at all hours of day and night, but never when any one is on the watch. A guard has repeatedly been set all around the house, but nothing unusual occurs until every one has withdrawn. Then comes a volley of stones! This state of things has existed for six weeks, according to report, but the mystery remains as great as ever. The family are resolved to stay in the house as long as a timber is left to protect them; but, as they have been forced to board up the windows, the glass all having been broken, it is to be inferred that they have a rather dark time of it.

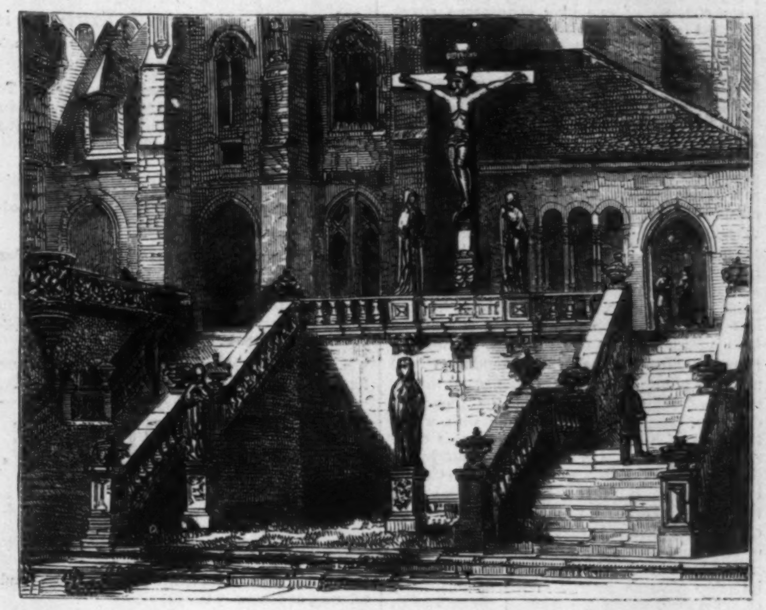
After a lady has received the usual amount of wedding presents it would seem almost needful for her to open a shop of exchange, in order to utilize her gifts. Not long ago a New York lady received three sewing-machines, six large Family Bibles, and ten ice-pitchers among her bridal presents.



A COVEY OF PARTRIDGES.

SCENES ON THE RIVER MAIN.

1.—BRIDGE AT FRANKFORT.



2.—CHURCH AT ASCHAFFENBURG.

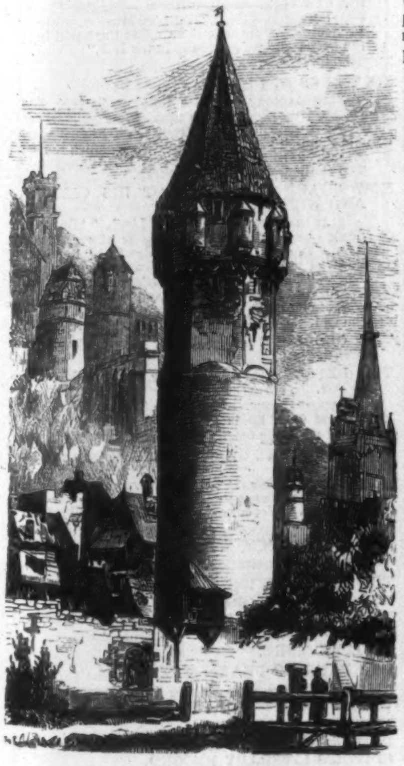
The majority of American sight-seers in Germany confine their tours to the Rhine, and know but little of the beautiful tributaries of that glorious river. One of these is the Main, on whose banks stands the old imperial city of Frankfort. Where it flows into the Rhine, at Mayence, the banks of the river are low and flat, and its stream is broad, slow, and muddy. The first place of interest is Frankfort, a city where some people think there is nothing to be seen except Dannecker's overrated statue of Ariadne. Such peo are wrong. It is well worth while to walk through the quaint streets of the old town; to peep into the Cathedral, with its curious frescos, executed in 1427 by Stephen of Cologne; to view the modern paintings of the Römer; the remarkable church of St. Leonard; and lastly, the quaint old bridge, the subject of sketch No. 1 on this page.

At Aschaffenburg, where the tourist quits the railway, the beauties of the Main begin. The town is very prettily situated on the right bank of the river. The Castle first attracts the observation of the tourist, a remarkable building, with five lofty square towers, capped with bulb-shaped spires. It is now one of the numerous palaces owned by the King of Bavaria. Still more interesting is the "Pfarr" Church, or chief parish church of Aschaffenburg (the subject of the second sketch). Parts of it are very old, the nave being said to date from the ninth century. The plan of the building is remarkable, as the transepts, instead of being between the nave and the chancel, are close to the west end, while the cloisters surround the west end of the church. Here are three noteworthy monuments, namely, Cardinal Albert, of Brandenburg, a beautiful life-size bass-relief of the Virgin and Child, and a canopy supporting a sarcophagus which has crystal panels, and contains the body of a saint. This church stands on a hill, and is approached by a picturesque flight of steps.

Between Aschaffenburg and Würzburg the Main winds considerably, and the scenery is exceedingly picturesque. The river flows between lofty hills, with grand masses of rock projecting from them, and as we approach Wertheim the vines are replaced by beautiful woods.

Wertheim lies at the junction of the Main and the Tauber, and at the point where the two streams unite stands the stately Watch-Tower (sketch No. 3). This Watch-Tower is more than one hundred feet high, and among the quaint roofs and gables of the houses to the right appears the curious spire of the parish church, wl ile the whole scene is backed by the lofty hills on which stands the Castle of Löwenstein.

Next is reached 'he village of Zell, with its two



3.—WATCH-TOWER AT WERTHEIM.

7.—BEER GARDEN AT WÜRZBURG.

4.—STREET OF ZELL.

5.—VIEW OF WÜRZBURG.

6.—ST. BURKHARDT'S CHURCH, WURZBURG.

secularized abbeys, one of which is used as a printing-office, and in it the first steam printing-press in Europe was established. The little town consists of one long picturesque street, hemmed in between precipitous hills and the river (sketch No. 4).

Directly the Convent of Hummelspforte is passed, Würzburg breaks on the view, and presents a most attractively medieval appearance, looking more like the back-ground of a picture by VAN EYCK or MEMLING than an actually thriving busy town. On one side of the river rises a grand rocky hill crowned by a castle. At the foot of this hill, and also across the river, are a cluster of gables, spires, and towers, backed by vine-clad hills (No. 5). The two parts of the town are joined by a fine old bridge with gigantic statues on each pier. The interior view of Würzburg is somewhat disappointing. Whitewash, improvements, and bürgermeisters have all lent their aid to rob this fine old city of the Prince Bishops of as much interest as possible. However, fifty years of modern vandalism have not sufficed entirely to destroy the grand monuments of eight centuries, and the numerous churches, hospitals, and convents with which the piety of a former time adorned this town still make it a place of considerable interest to the antiquary or artist. The most ancient church is that of St. Burkhardt (sketch No. 6), and the part of Würzburg which retains most of its old picturesqueness is that on the western bank of the Main.

The last sketch (No. 7) represents one of the immense pleasure-gardens in the neighborhood of Würzburg, which are devoted principally to wine and beer drinking. Will our fair readers be horrified if we tell them that in these gardens the ladies of Germany are to be seen imbibing liberal quantities of these beverages? But such is the case. Whole families—parents, grandparents, and children of all ages—visit these gardens together, enjoying pleasant social intercourse or listening to music.

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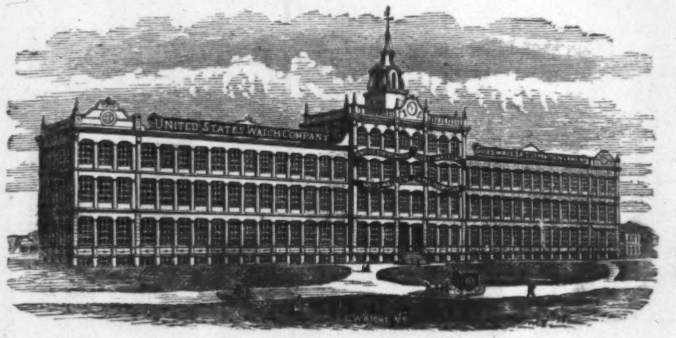

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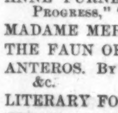

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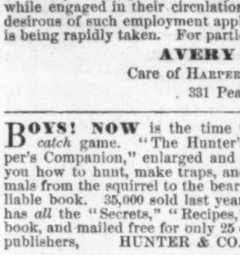

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